

THE PRESENT AGE.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 364 WARREN AVENUE.

The nineteenth century is the century of the working classes.—Gladstone.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 213 WEST 23D ST.

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At Home and Abroad.

The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the possession of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature.—Bacon.

THE LIVING DEAD.

We are surrounded by the living dead. Men whose whole lives seem purposeless and vain. They're bubbles in the air, husks mid the grain. More walking flesh-piles, without heart or head. They're dead as those on whose old graves we tread. Long years companioned with the flesh-fat worms; To show they're men, they've nothing but the form. They are not worth their daily meat and bread. The marvels of creation move them not; As well preach God unto a fleshless skull. Surrounded by the grand and beautiful. They're cold as icy stone of mossy grot. Their life's a dream, a festering in the sun. Snatched from this working earth, who'd miss them? None.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK.

On our way to Connecticut, recently, we had the pleasure of meeting in the cars our friend and co-worker, Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook. Mrs. Middlebrook has long been in the field as a lecturer upon Spiritualism, and with her Spiritualism comprehends every interest of humanity. Fifteen years ago we made her acquaintance in Boston. She was then Mrs. Henderson, and at the time of the excitement at Harvard College over the divinity student medium, she was lecturing in the Melodeon, and came in for a share of the denunciation and abuse that was heaped upon all mediums by certain of the college professors and others in the columns of the Boston Courier. Ever since, she has been indefatigable in her efforts for the advancement of everything pertaining to the education of humanity. She is one of the most eloquent of the advocates of woman suffrage, and is thoroughly alive to the great religious, political, and social interests of the day. She was on her way to Springfield, Mass., to fulfil an engagement with the Spiritualist society there for a course of lectures. She is certainly one of the most talented lecturers in the field, and we cordially recommend her to all parties desiring services that, everywhere she goes, elicit warm appreciation and commendation. Her address is P. O. Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

MRS. NELLIE TEMPLE BRIGHAM.

This lady, one of the most gifted of our speakers has been lecturing recently in Hartford, Conn. Last Sunday she lectured in the Opera House to a large audience. Her subject, "The Divinity of Christ," was given by the audience after she stepped upon the rostrum. The Hartford papers speak in praise of the effort as a very successful one. She gave also an impromptu poem, the subject of which was given her by the audience. In the evening the attendance was very large. The subject of the lecture was "Life and Death," and the Hartford Courier says it was handled "with unusual force and eloquence." We rejoice at the revival of interest in our cause manifest in that city. For years Spiritualists there have slumbered in inaction. They have made no worthy record of themselves; they have allowed themselves to be driven from the field of active service by the forces of the popular orthodoxy which in Hartford rules supreme. But they are once more rousing to the work and nobly retrieving the past. Everywhere do we find the signs of increasing interest

in the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. Even in conservative, bigoted Hartford, perhaps as creed-bound a community as we have, many of the leaders of popularity in church, and in social life are inquiring of these things.

BOSTON.

We made a brief visit to the Hub recently, but our time was so filled with professional labor that we had none for much beside. We visited the spirit photograph rooms of W. H. Mumler, 170 West Springfield St., where we saw many wonderful specimens of spirit photography. We had engaged a sitting with Mr. Mumler here in New York just before he was arrested at the instigation of the foes of Spiritualism, who felt sure that this time they had a good thing and were going to make a triumphant expose of the great humbug, instead of which the tables were turned upon them and they were most signally defeated themselves. The result of this famous trial was a marked triumph for Spiritualism. It was demonstrated in court that the Mumler pictures presented effects that could not be produced by experts in the art of photography. The genuine spirit pictures, and spurious ones made by photographers of New York, who labored energetically for the conviction of Mumler, were produced in the court, and the difference between them was most marked. A most valuable amount of testimony was given before the large crowd that thronged the court room at each session, by several of our most prominent Spiritualists, that resulted in convincing very many that Spiritualism had more in it than they had ever dreamed.

The excitement consequent upon the arrest of Mr. Mumler prevented the contemplated sitting, and we visited his rooms on this occasion for the purpose of obtaining a picture if possible. Mr. Mumler was not in, but we made a satisfactory arrangement with Mrs. Mumler for a certain hour, and were booked accordingly. This is a very necessary process, so fully occupied is the time of the artist.

MRS. W. H. MUMLER.

This lady is an excellent clairvoyant physician. She has very marked success in her practice. She is controlled and guided by the late Dr. Rush of Philadelphia. Her business card is a *carte de visite* photograph of herself, taken while she was in the clairvoyant sleep, with a remarkable spirit likeness of Dr. Rush standing behind her chair with his hand upon her head. This is one of the clearest and most beautiful spirit photographs we have ever seen. The tall figure, with the benign, scholarly face and flowing robe, is remarkably distinct; the features unmistakable, so clearly are they defined. We looked over a great many of these marvelous pictures and were struck with the great improvement that is manifest in them since Mr. Mumler left New York. The spirit likeness is far more clearly defined than formerly. Among others we saw the picture recently taken for Mrs. Harding Britten. This was to her a most satisfactory test. She has for some time been engaged in writing a life of Beethoven, but had said nothing of it to any one. At the time of her visit to Mr. Mumler it was nearly ready for the press. Upon the plate came a fine likeness of Beethoven, clear, well-defined, unmistakable. We rejoice to know that these excellent mediums are doing well in their respective specialties.

A BEAUTIFUL DEATH SCENE.

Mrs. Mumler related the following concerning the passing on of a beloved brother, who for several years had suffered from a chronic affection of the heart, but had been able to attend to business and the ordinary

activities of life. He came home from his business one night, and said, "Sister, I am going to pass away." She was inclined to think that he was a little nervous, but she gave up an engagement that she had for the evening and devoted herself to his comfort. She sat in his room with a book ostensibly reading, but in reality watching him. She observed after a time a singular receding as it were of the spirit from the face. She would ask him a question, and at the moment of answering it the face would light up with the natural play of emotion and expression, but in an instant after would come this peculiar sinking away of all expression. She summoned her mother, and together they stood by his couch. He spoke and said, after arranging his moustache, "Sister, how do I look? am I all right?" He then drew two or three deep inspirations, and his spirit took its flight.

After death the body looked so perfectly life-like and natural they could not believe the spirit had left it. They kept it four days and then felt compelled to lay it away. Just before the burial, Mrs. Mumler, as she stood by the body feeling distressed at the thought of his possible burial alive, saw a spirit hand thrust out as it were from a cloud, approach the ear of the body and pinch it, leaving a dark purple spot. This convinced her that decomposition had actually commenced, and relieved her from this anxiety that so oppressed her. As she left the grave, she laid upon it a beautiful anchor of flowers. That night as she was about retiring, she instantly saw that grave with its anchor of flowers—beautiful emblem of hope—resting upon it; but over it were bending two bright spirits. One a young lady to whom her brother had been betrothed and who had preceded him to the other life, the other the dear brother who had just left her. Distinctly she heard him speak and say, "Sister, be comforted; I still live. I have gained the victory. I have passed on to the golden shore."

We are conscious of having given but a very meager report of this narrative, so beautiful as it fell from the lips of Mrs. Mumler. We realized as she was relating it what we have often realized before, that the transit of the soul from its earthly to its immortal home, is one of the most beautiful events of life if it could be divested of the sadness and gloom that we throw around it by our grief and lamentation. Into the room where this brother lay when the death angel entered, came no sound of lamentation, no tear of sorrow, no sigh of woe. Often is the escaping spirit bound to the body and both made to suffer threefold more than is necessary by the grief of those who in almost frantic anguish strive to hold the beloved one in the bonds of the flesh that can by no possibility longer enshrine the spirit.

OUR SITTING FOR A PICTURE.

On the day and hour appointed we repaired to the rooms of Mr. Mumler in the hope of obtaining the likeness of some dear friend on the other side. We found the artist evidently exhausted from a severe morning's work, many sitters having preceded us. The first sitting was wholly unsuccessful. The second resulted in the appearance of the form of a woman and child upon the plate. We could discern no resemblance from the negative to any one we knew, although we felt confident that the child was the little one whose departure sadly darkened our home some years since, for we felt her presence there during the entire sitting. The pictures, after being printed, were forwarded to us by mail. The woman upon the card is evidently a woman who has been often described

by mediums and seen by Mrs. Willis as sustaining to our little one the relation of attendant—what the French term a *bonne*, just such a strong, healthy looking person as would be wisely chosen to have the care of a delicate, spiritually organized child. The picture of the child is very faint indeed, so much so that we cannot discern the features; but can trace certain resemblances to the little one we have here. On the whole, the picture is not wholly satisfactory; but we ascribe it partly to the exhausted forces of the medium, and partly to the fact that there was a slight misunderstanding as to the hour of our engagement, another gentleman claiming the same hour.

But we promise ourselves another sitting on some future occasion. We think no one can visit Mr. Mumler's rooms and not be convinced that spirit photography is a reality beyond dispute.

NEW YORK.

Sensation follows sensation in this wonderful center of civilization. The murder of James Fisk, Jr. was succeeded by the new departure of Rev. Mr. Hepworth. Scarce had the sensation of this event died away, when there came another of a similar nature, the secession of Rev. Mr. Bradley from the High Church Episcopalians and his reception into the bosom of the Catholic Church with most imposing ceremonies in the presence of a vast crowd of Catholic and Protestant spectators. The sermon preached on this occasion by Rev. Dr. McElroy was a very marvelous production to have emanated from the lips of a Catholic priest. In it he said: "I, a Catholic priest, declare that you must obey the behests of that inner tribunal of your own souls." This is a marvelous assertion to be made by a priest of that church against which Martin Luther uttered his tremendous protest because it denied liberty of conscience, and which makes it its proud boast that it is to-day just what it was the day Christ said to Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church," and has remained immutable through all the ages.

Again he says: "I say to you in this assemblage, who are not of our faith, that I do not wish to be so misunderstood that because I wish to have all men stand where I stand, I must necessarily believe that you, and such as you are all wrong; that you possess no true faith or that you are inevitably excluded from heaven. If you are not as I am, I thank the Lord that you are what you are. If you are an Episcopalian of the more Catholic type, I thank God that you practice so much that is Catholic. If you are a member of the Low Church, I thank God that you have advanced even so far as you have. If you believe in Christ's divinity, I thank God that you profess so much Christian truth. If you are no churchman I still thank God for what Christian truth you possess. If you only think of Christ as a friend, a patron, a leader, I thank God that you do so. I, a Catholic minister of God teach from this altar that the most approved Catholic theology, is that while we must all follow the truth, those who are not fully informed are naturally excused from the fulfillment of precepts which they do not know and will not be condemned for their ignorance. It is necessary for all men to have the grace of Catholic communion, but if any man in perfect honesty fails to see the necessity, then he is not to blame."

Unless we are greatly mistaken it was the enunciation of these very ideas that sent hundreds and thousands of Protestants to the dungeon, the stake, and the tortures of the Inquisition. Verily, progress is the spirit of the age, and everything

must bend to its mighty power. Even the Catholic Church is being irresistibly impelled forward.

H. C. GORDON'S EXPOSE.

The papers are ringing with a triumphant cry once more that "Spiritualism is demonstrated to be a humbug!" It seems that Mr. H. C. Gordon, one of the first mediums in the field had some difficulty with a young man by the name of Spraul, who was associated with him which resulted in the arrest of the latter on some charge of dishonesty or theft. In the courtroom said Spraul made certain declarations to the effect that Gordon for some weeks or months past had been giving seances for the materialization of spirits. That for a long time he believed those manifestations to be genuine, but that his suspicions were aroused, and led him to make some investigations which resulted in the discovery, in Gordon's trunk, of all the paraphernalia by which these counterfeit presentations of spirits were made. He declares them to be common French lithographs bought in Nassau St., cut out, stiffened, and trimmed, and presented in a dim light at a distance from the spectators and called spirit forms. A great many believe that this is all so. Of course the opponents of Spiritualism are sure it is so, and claim it as another death blow to the cause. But we rather think that after the smoke and noise has cleared away it will be found that Spiritualism has not suffered. Were all the public mediums in the world caught in the very act of perpetrating fraud it would have no special influence upon Spiritualism, for it is founded on eternal principles, based upon the action of immutable laws. All over the land in thousands of homes there are mediums who are made the constant daily recipients of spiritual influences, and these media are our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives, and even our little children.

We express no opinion in this matter of Mr. Gordon's, for we never witnessed any of this class of manifestation in his presence, and a portion of the evidence elicited from Spraul reveals him to be a young man of questionable antecedents. We have known Gordon for fifteen years. We know him to be a medium possessing remarkable *bona fide* gifts. We have repeatedly seen wonderful manifestations resulting through his mediumship. We have seen him floated in the atmosphere far above the heads of the circle, we have seen him lifted and carried a long distance by spirit force, and very many marvelous indisputably genuine manifestations. If not satisfied with these he has resorted to trickery for the production of manifestations that he thought would give more satisfaction to the crowd, we can only mourn his weakness and folly. But let us not condemn him upon insufficient evidence.

THE LYRIC HALL MEETINGS.

We learned with regret that Mrs. Tappan's health failed to such an extent that she was compelled to relinquish her engagement at Lyric Hall after giving but two or three lectures. By the advice of her spirit guides and physicians, she hastened south where she will remain till the return of more genial airs. May the angel of healing be with her and soon restore her to health, is the earnest prayer of countless hearts.

In the mean time Lyric Hall is not to be without its Sunday evening speaker. The indomitable sisters, Victoria and Jennie C., have hired the hall and the course of lectures is to be filled with the best radical talent of the day on all the great reform questions that are agitating public thought.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith, so well known as an eloquent speaker, possessing remarkable powers to magnetize and carry along an audience, is the present speaker. Her first lecture, drew a crowd and was a marked success. She took for her subject the great social question of the day, and reviewed the Fisk tragedy from the side of Helen Josephine Mansfield. She analyzed the fashionable morality of the day, made a fine defense of the position of Victoria Woodhull, and paid a glowing tribute to the noble mission that much abused woman is accomplishing in behalf of humanity. She was warmly applauded throughout by her large audience.

REPORT OF EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN'S LECTURE AT APOLLO HALL, JAN. 21.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

We must all realize that in this age there is an effort stronger than ever before to discover the best and truest principles of social life. We are doubtless urged on by a condition of corruption—we may say of rottenness in our social system, a darker condition of wrong than we were ever called to look upon. While civilization strides on gigantically, and we roll up the steeps of progress, yet there are downward tendencies in all that is moral. Whilst all nations look to America as the country of hope and promise, yet American politics have become a by-word and a reproach. We feel it, we know it. We look to all that is beautiful and true entrusted to unworthy hands, to selfish and ambitious men. In the mercantile world there is no good faith among men. Is it that there is some mighty transforming power through which our spirits are passing? There are so many points opening for discussion that we must lend our view to a few that come nearest to us. There is the position of women; of the marriage state; of equal rights between man and man. These are the points on which we desire information from the spiritual world. We do not speak to personalities or individuals, but we want a searching analysis into these points.

The first thought that arises is that woman, the companion of man, the object of his ambition, the star of his life, this companion seems to stand in antagonism to him. Men and women stand in a belligerent attitude. The one demands what the other will not give. It is claimed that men have usurped the right to legislate for women. Whatever rights women claim, all minor claims are merged in this: shall women vote? The political institutions of this country arose out of the most thoughtful minds of the past. The first idea was a protest against taxation without representation. Either woman has no right to representation, or she has no representation.

Back of that another question arises: who gave man a right to legislate for the other sex? or has he usurped the right? There is no evidence of a divine revelation that God made woman inferior to man, and man stands as a usurper. We find that back of all external manifestations of individuality, every human soul is endowed with functions of mind, with capacities and powers, and each one is responsible to himself.

First then, on the basis of your political constitution, and second, on the basis of the individuality of each person, man usurps a right over woman which the Creator has denied. If the hour shall come to those who have compelled or impelled woman to obedience of a law to which she rebels, woe to the man or

[Continued on Fourth Page.]

Scientific.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER XVII.

BY PROF. J. W. HILL.

THE CARBONIFEROUS AGE.

The carboniferous age is a chapter in the earth's history, which, though completed millions of years ago, is of incalculable importance to man. It was the period of coal-making—the age during which vast stores of fuel were laid away under the soil for the present and future use of the human race.

When we consider our dependence upon this source of wealth, and on its connection with the industries of the world, we shall not hesitate to declare that man was thought of and provided for, millions of years before he came to inherit treasures which the ages have accumulated. Our homes are warmed and cheered by this welcome friend, upon which we are daily becoming more dependent. What would our smelting furnaces, our iron manufactories, our steam ships and railroads do without coal? One writer has said that the greatness of a nation may be estimated by the quantity of iron it uses; and this iron requires fuel to separate it from its ores, and render it into an available form. Nearly all the arts of civilized life in some way involve the consumption of fuel. And as commerce and machinery extend and multiply with the growth of civilization, the demand for this vehicle of power will correspondingly increase. England is a manufacturing nation, supplying a large proportion of the commodities of the world by virtue of the coal in her mines.

The consumption of coal is already very great, and steadily increasing. Great Britain annually consumes one hundred million tons. The consumption in other parts of Europe is sixty-five million tons. In the United States the annual consumption is not far from thirty-five million tons, making a grand total of two hundred million tons of coal which are required to meet the yearly demands of the western races. The amount of fuel required to fire the locomotives on our fifty thousand miles of railroad, is equivalent to six million tons of coal a year. By the year 1900 we shall doubtless have one hundred thousand miles of railway, which will require millions of tons of iron to be wrought into rails and rolling stock, all of which involves the consumption of a vast amount of fuel. It may safely be estimated that the amount of coal which will be required thirty years hence, to supply the yearly demands for iron and for operating the railways in the United States alone, will be equal to fifteen million tons. It is hence a grave inquiry: will the supply meet the future wants of mankind? This question can best be answered by considering the

EXTENT OF OUR COAL-FIELDS.

The area of our coal-fields in the United States, is estimated at two hundred thousand square miles, of which about nine hundred are anthracite. They are distributed, according to the *London Mining Journal*, as follows:

ANTHRACITE	FEET	MILES.
Maryland and D. C.	300	
Pennsylvania	90	470
Oregon		100
SUBBITUMINOUS COAL		
Pennsylvania	15	12,650
Maryland	20	550
West Virginia	45	15,000
East	20	225
N. Carolina	10	45
Tennessee	15	3,700
Georgia	10	170
Alabama	15	4,300
Kentucky	35	13,700
Ohio	25	7,700
Indiana	20	6,700
Illinois	20	30,000
Michigan	10	13,000
Iowa	15	24,000
Missouri	15	21,000
Nebraska		4,000
Kansas		12,000
Arkansas		12,000
Indian Territory		10,000
Texas		3,000
Oregon		3,000
Wash. Ter.		750
Other coal-fields west of the Rocky Mountains		5,000

The average thickness of the bituminous coal-fields is thirty feet, and the working thickness about twenty feet. The number of coal seams which occur in a given locality varies from one to twenty feet. These are separated from each other by layers of shale, sandstone, or limestone, from twenty to one hundred

feet in thickness. The beds of coal rarely exceed eight feet in thickness. The principal seam at Pittsburgh is eight feet thick. The "Mammoth Vein" at Wilkesbarre, Pa., is twenty-nine, and one at Pictou, Nova Scotia, is thirty-seven feet thick. Assuming that the area of the coal-fields already discovered in this country, contains a ton of coal to every square foot, which is below the true estimate, the quantity stored in the cellar of Brother Jonathan would be about 5,600,000,000,000, tons, or at our present rate of consumption, a quantity sufficient to last one hundred and eighty thousand years. With a consumption of one hundred million tons annually, it would last fifty thousand years. We need not, therefore, experience any special concern in regard to our supply of fuel. What man most needs nature has supplied in the greatest abundance.

The rocks of the carboniferous age are divided into three subdivisions or periods, named in ascending order: sub-carboniferous; carboniferous or coal-measures; permian. They have a wide distribution over the United States, mainly comprising a belt or zone stretching east and west across the continent. East of the Alleghenies they extend from Newport to Worcester. West of the mountains they extend from New York to Alabama, and expand westward into Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi. The Western coal basin occupies a part of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and large portions of the Rocky Mountain slopes. Central Michigan also comprises a coal basin of several thousand square miles in extent.

The sub-carboniferous strata are of marine formation, laid down while the ocean yet covered the central and southern portions of the continent, preceding the great marshes and shallow lagoons in which the materials for coal accumulated. In the vicinity of Pottsville, Pa., the rocks of this period are shales and sandstones, where they attain a thickness of two thousand feet. In central Michigan they consist of five hundred feet of shales and sandstones, capped with a stratum of limestone, which, in parts of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri, attained nearly one thousand feet in thickness. These limestones are remarkable for the number of crinoids they contain, three fourths of the rock in many places being composed of their remains. In England this rock is called mountain limestone. Numerous trapdikes, or ancient volcanic streams, have intruded into them, in the vicinity of which lead also abounds.

Overlying the shales and limestones of the sub-carboniferous and just preceding the coal-measures, there occurs a coarse conglomerate, consisting of hard, water-worn pebbles, gravel, and sand, firmly cemented together. These rocks lie exposed at the surface in Southern New York, Northern Pennsylvania, Northern Ohio, Virginia, Tennessee, and Alabama. The same series extend into regions where coal abounds, but lie deeply buried beneath superincumbent strata. In Northern Ohio and Western New York this conglomerate is underlain with soft shale, which in several instances has been washed out, by which large masses of the conglomerate have been precipitated into the ravines, where they remain poised on elevated points, presenting the appearance of huge towers. The term "rock cities" has been frequently applied to these isolated rock-masses. West of the Alleghenies the conglomerate beds vary in thickness from forty to one hundred feet.

Immediately preceding the carboniferous age, several upheavals of great significance occurred on the American continent, which shut out the region of the coal basins from the incursion of the ocean and established conditions for the events which followed. One of these upheavals raised the elevated ground back of Cincinnati; another forced the granite through the superincumbent strata at Iron Mountain, in Missouri. A slighter elevation occurred in Arkansas; while the first links in the Allegheny chain raised their rocky walls from New England

to Alabama. Between these elevations were depressions of wide extent, enclosed by low hills of recent elevation on the east, south, and west, and by the earlier granitic ridge on the north.

These wide depressions, shut out from the ocean by the elevated hills upon their margin, were at first inland shallow seas, which in the course of centuries became fresh-water lakes. These lakes gradually filled up with sediment which came down from the elevated lands, and were converted into extensive marshes, from which arose the reeds, club-mosses, and gigantic fern vegetation that characterized the forests of the carboniferous age.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

When announcing Daguerre's discovery, Arago, with present view, said it gave hopes of executing, in a few minutes, charts of the moon, then one of the most tedious and most delicate operations in astronomy. Since then his predictions have been more than verified. From the first a host of experimentalists have devoted themselves to the photography of the celestial bodies. Dr. Draper, Mr. Bond, and Mr. Rutherford in America; Father Secchi in Italy; Berthel, Arnaud, and Foucault in France; Crookes, Huggins, Fry, Brothers, with a host of others, and above all, De la Rue, in this country, are all associated with its rapid progress. Photography has not only enabled the astronomer to obtain ready and accurate record of all the eye could see, but it has recorded facts in connection with the physical history of the sun which the eye could not see, the photographic tablet being sensible to rays which made no effect on the organs of vision. In the year 1854 Sir John Herschel recommended that daily records should be made by photography of the sun's surface, at different stations, for comparison, and in accordance with this suggestion a photo-heliograph was established at Kew under the direction of Warren De la Rue, and others have since been established in different parts of the world. The importance of this constant and exact observation of the sun-spots becomes striking when it is remembered that a singular coincidence has been noted between the periodicity of their maximum recurrence and the maximum magnetic disturbance of our own globe. More than half a century ago Sir William Herschel, in a remarkable paper on the subject, pointed out a connection between the number of spots on the sun's disc and the abundance of the harvest. Without speculating on the fact that stars of the first magnitude, suns of other systems have disappeared from record, and the possible darkening of our sun, the ascertained connection between magnetic storms and the increase in these spots is matter enough for grave consideration and careful observation. For this observation photography presents the only accurate and available facilities, and the results have been carefully tabulated by Mr. Warren De la Rue. Other most important photographic researches into the physical aspects of the sun have been made by the same gentleman. * * *

Amongst the many singular uses as a recorder to which photography has been put, its employment by Professor Piazza Smyth in delineating an interior into which for thousands of years the light of day had never penetrated, is one of the most interesting. Professor Smyth had a theory, which had been before promulgated, that we had an inheritance in the Great Pyramid. The wisdom of the Egyptians was supposed to have intended something more than a large tomb by these eternal monuments. Professor Smyth believed that the granite coffer was a primeval measure of capacity enshrined beyond the destructive action of cold, or heat, or moisture, or time; and by means of photography he resolved to bring the hidden and forgotten secret to light. A recently discovered form of portable sunlight, magnesium wire, which burns like a taper with a flame unrivalled in actinic rays, furnished him with the means. With a firmman from the Pasha, a photographic equipment, magnesium wire, and a well-seasoned measuring-rod to place in contact with the objects to be photographed, the Professor proceeded to his task, and vindicated the position he had upheld. The photograph of the granite coffer, with the system of measuring-rods attached, furnished data for the calculation which proves that the vessel was a measure of capacity, from which the English quarter had been originally derived, and that the Egyptian coffer just measured with mathematical accuracy, four times the amount of our hereditary standard wheat-measure.

Photography, besides aiding the developing science generally, is perpetually revealing new wonders pertaining to itself, and especially in advancing the twin sciences to which it owes its existence—chemistry and optics.—*British Quarterly Review*.

Temperance.

TOBACCO—THE TWIN OF ALCOHOL.

With what caution should a man proceed in attacking a favorite of the people. A prudent man, one who wishes to sail quietly down the popular stream, would be disposed rather to flatter and applaud the object of their affections. But an honest man, who differs a little from him commonly designated as a prudent one, can never flatter where he feels a friendship. He will give the true character of a dangerous inmate, and warn his friend of the consequences of cherishing a viper in his bosom. You already perceive that, although we would give fair play even to a treacherous enemy, yet tobacco has done, and is secretly doing, too much mischief to expect any more from us than a severe trial and rigorous justice.

The great Linnæus has, beside his celebrated artificial classification, given us a natural one. In his natural arrangement he has placed tobacco in the class *Lurida*, which signifies pale, ghastly, livid, dismal and fatal. To the same ominous class belong foxglove, henbane, deadly nightshade, and another poisonous plant, bearing the tremendous name of *Atropa*, one of the Furies. Let us examine one of them, viz., tobacco, its qualities and its effects on the human constitution.

When tobacco is for the first time taken into the mouth, it creates nausea and extreme disgust. If swallowed, it excites violent convulsions of the stomach and of the bowels, to eject the poison either upward or downward. If it be not very speedily and entirely ejected, it produces great anxiety, vertigo, faintness and prostration of all the senses; and in many instances death has followed. The oil of this plant is one of the strongest of vegetable poisons, inasmuch that we know of no animal that can resist its mortal effects. These are, without exaggeration, some of the lurid qualities of our beloved tobacco. Let us now see if it can be agreeable to the laws of the animal economy or consonant to common sense that a plant with such qualities can act otherwise than detrimentally to the tender constitutions of young persons.

The human organs are endowed with a faculty of selecting certain wholesome articles, and our digestive apparatus of assimilating and changing them into our own nature and substance. Besides this nutritive faculty, our organs are endowed with a repulsive one, with certain instincts or perceptions by which they reject whatever is unwholesome or pernicious to our well-being. These powers and faculties, purely instinctive, are more or less possessed by every healthy animal. Man, endowed with reason, has these instincts in less perfection than the brutes.

The organs of the senses are so many guards or sentinels placed at those avenues where death is most likely to enter. For illustration, let us suppose a man cast ashore on some uninhabited island, and roaming among unknown fruits and herbs, with a desire to satisfy his hunger; he knows not whether what he finds be wholesome or poisonous. What naturally follows? The first examination which the vegetable undergoes is that of the eye; if it incur its displeasure by looking disagreeable and forbidding, even this may induce him to throw it away; but if it be agreeable to the sense of seeing, it is next submitted to the examination of the smell, which not infrequently discovers latent mischief, concealed from the sight; if not displeasing to the smell, he readily submits it to the scrutiny of the next guard, the tongue; and if the taste too approve the choice, he no longer hesitates, but, eating it, conveys it into his stomach and intestines; both of which, like faithful bodyguards, are endowed with a nice perception and prompt action, by which, if what was eaten as wholesome food should, notwithstanding all the former examinations, still possess a latent quality injurious to life, the stomach is stimulated to reject it upward, or the intestines to expel it downward. These internal perceptions, and consequent exercises, are the first and most simple acts of Nature, being purely instinctive, constituting what physicians call the "*vis medicatrix nature*," or reaction of the system.

Let us suppose that our hungry adventurer had fallen on the tobacco plant; he would find nothing forbidding in its appearance; to his smell it would be rather grateful; to his taste so nauseating that it is surprising how the same man ever ventured to taste green tobacco twice; but, if taken into his stomach, convulsions, fainting, and a temporary loss of the senses follow, accompanied with violent and nasty operations. If that which is wholesome affect the senses of animals with pleasure, and invite them to convert it to their own juices; and if that which is unwholesome excite disgust in smell, taste and appetite, then would our adventurer rank his herb among poisons and note it as

one of those which nature forbade him to use. Yet man, by perverting his nature, has learned to love it; and when perverted nature excites a desire, that appetite or desire is insatiable and ungovernable; for the reaction or physical resistance will, like that of the moral, lessen in proportion to the repetition of the attacks; and then these guards of health already mentioned desert Nature and go over to the side of her enemy; and thus we see how intemperate drinking and immoderate smoking began their destructive career.

The first effect of tobacco on those who have surmounted the natural abhorrence of it, and who have not only learned to endure it, but even to love it, and who have already contracted the nasty custom of chewing or smoking, is either a waste or vitiation of the saliva.

The saliva, or spit, is secreted by a complex glandular apparatus, from the most refined arterial blood and constantly distills into the mouth in health, and from the mouth into the stomach, at the rate of twelve ounces a day. It very much resembles the gastric juice in the stomach; and its importance in digestion may be imagined, after listening to the words of the great Boerhaave. "When ever the saliva is lavishly spit away we remove one of the strongest causes of hunger and digestion. The chyle, prepared with this fluid, is depraved, and the blood is vitiated for want of it. I once tried," said this great philosopher and consummate physician, "an experiment on myself, by spitting out all my saliva; the consequence was that I lost my appetite. Hence we see the pernicious effects of chewing and smoking tobacco. I am of the opinion that smoking tobacco is very pernicious to lean and hypochondriacal persons, by destroying their appetite and weakening digestion. When this celebrated plant was first brought into use in Europe, it was cried up for a certain antidote to hunger; but it was soon observed that the number of hypochondriacal and consumptive people was greatly increased by its use. The celebrated Cullen says: "a constant chewing of tobacco destroys the appetite by depriving the constitution of too much saliva."

One of the kings of Spain was afflicted with a very offensive breath, to remedy which, the physicians advised his majesty to chew a composition of gum arabic, ambergris and other perfumes, the use of which occasioned a great expenditure of saliva. The courtiers, either out of compliment to their sovereign, or, what is more probable, from the vanity of imitating their superiors, went very generally into the same custom. The consequence was, that they who followed the fashion with most ardor lost their appetites and became emaciated, and consumption increased so fast among them that the practice was forbidden by royal edict.

Some do not eject the saliva, but prefer swallowing the nasty mixture, which seldom fails to induce faintness, palpitations of the heart, trembling of the limbs, and sooner or later, some serious chronic inconvenience.

After what has been said, who can doubt of the bad effects of constant application of powdered tobacco to the delicate membrane of the nose.

I have been a professor in this university twenty-three years, and can say as a physician that I never saw so many pallid faces and so many marks of declining health, nor never knew so many hectic habits and consumptive affections as of late years; and I trace this alarming inroad on your young constitutions principally to the pernicious custom of smoking cigars.—*Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse in "Herald of Health."*

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTIONS.

Boston, Jan. 25.—The State Temperance Convention closed its labors to-day, after adopting an address to the people of Massachusetts and fifteen resolutions, the principal of which are as follows:

Resolved, That the present Legislature be, and are hereby, petitioned to restore the prohibitory law of 1867, with the following amendments: 1. Making the implements of the liquor store containing liquor *prima facie* evidence of guilt. 2. Excluding liquor dealers, as other criminals, from the jury box. 3. Securing the right to challenge liquor drinkers from jury at discretion. 4. Making punishment for unlawful sales thirty days imprisonment for the first offence, sixty days for the second, and so on, doubling the time of imprisonment for each and every offence. 5. Abolishing the Liquor Commission, and leaving the State police under control of the Governor, as formerly. 6. Making every person who unlawfully sells or gives away liquor responsible for damage arising therefrom.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 25.—In the State Temperance Convention, to-day, the question of prohibition was discussed, and a series of resolutions passed denouncing the license system, and finally declaring that, if the Legislature refused to give them a law, to submit the question of license to the people of the several townships and wards of the state.

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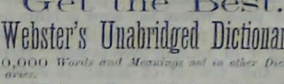
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(Continued from First Page.)

set of men who usurp the right to dominate over the soul. Mental slavery is a far greater wrong than physical; the chain that binds the mind is crueler than that which binds the body. Such a tyranny as this is just as repulsive to true religion as that which sells at the auction block. No human being was ever held in rightful bondage. If there be intellectual supremacy in men by development, is not he accountable for the submission of the creature he calls his inferior?

Therefore I do, from a faithful, reverent search, find no legitimate cause for the subjection of woman. Whatever woman is capable of doing, that is her sphere. The question of woman suffrage must be determined by the persistency that amounts to force. Whenever the battle shall at last be decided, will it not be shameful to have yielded to force? No disabilities or disgrace should be practiced on any living creature; that is my interpretation of the great question of woman suffrage.

Secondly, I would speak of woman's sphere. I find that in the crucible of fashion and pride the loveliest elements of woman's nature have been obscured—almost transformed. Woman's truest, sweetest sphere is in the sphere of home. The great mistake has been to suppose that only the lowest faculties have been called out by home duties; that while man moves about in the world, woman is wronged because she holds her limited place in her home. I repeat, woman's sphere is whatever she is capable of performing—all she is capable of belongs to her. I believe in the rights of woman and the removal of every disability from her, but still, I repeat, God has stamped on her face, on her form, in the tones of her voice, in her intuitions, in the tender, sweet relations or sentiments that bind her to man, in all her natural endowments, that her natural sphere is in the holy empire of home. Think not that the embellishments of mind-culture are not necessary and exercised in home rule. I would not doom women to domestic drudgery. What does that word home mean—the place where the soul is launched forth—the place where the mightiest power of human love is felt. Home is the temple of love; it is there where woman bows down and worships. Do not suffer your minds to be bent to domestic drudgery.

I will ask any whose heads are white with the snows of winter, what are your sweetest tenderest memories? Is it not that some woman, with patience through all the waywardness of youth, and love even to manhood, and who through all the ways of wrong and sin, was watchful still, and ever there with heart open to receive you, so that you knew there was ever one to love, and that was your mother? Young man! has not that name been a talisman to you? Surely such a relationship is not to be weighed in the balance with the power to battle for the right. It is not that I would deny her rights, but I say the history of the race shows that the strongest blows the soldier ever struck were done in the memory of home. I will ask you if the polar star of almost all earnest men has not been some loving woman. The tenderness and endurance of woman have been the subject of the poet and sculptor, proving that the silent influence that she exercises is in our home. And must we exchange this empire for the contest in that sphere that we deplore because it is corrupt?

I cannot yet determine that all virtue will result from the accession of voters. Woman's influence should not be underrated by man. It is popularly assumed that whilst the sphere of woman is home, yet her efforts there do not counterbalance the efforts he makes in the world of active labor. It is many years since going through the West as a lecturer, I entered a home where many children clustered around a silent, patient woman. So snowy were their garments, so ruddy their cheeks, they were so well cared for, that they seemed so many blossoms of Paradise. There was no one to tell how all this peace and order came. All was love and the hand of taste everywhere. Privation was evident, yet refinement was everywhere, and at eventide the weary, patient drudge was pleading still for the repose that could not yet be hers. And yet I had to listen to the complaints of the owner of all this taste and refinement. He said that no cheerful atmosphere met him as he returned from his work, nothing but the reproachful representations of her own strivings. Why could not this woman that he owned be contented in her home, and by grateful and sweet companionship testify of her appreciation? He was obliged to seek companionship elsewhere, and with there. Years passed, and this patient wife went to the spirit world, and in her place stood cook and gov-

erness, housekeeper and superintendent. A long array of servants filled the place of the patient drudge who had no one to recognize her solitary labor. It is thought that the simple duties of home require neither patience or intellect. Remember that it takes a great artist to move the machinery of beauty as well as order in a refined home. Where does woman prove her deficiency? As poet, painter, sculptor, metaphysician, as ruler, she has excelled. Though her name is not engraven by history in statesmanship, yet she has often been the central spring that moved the whole machinery. Woman's mind has been found just as powerful as man's. Whilst I would educate my daughters as my sons, I still plead that woman shall find her choicest work in the sweet circle of home. As I gaze on her face and see her ministry in the hour of pain and bereavement, as I recognize that the powers of the better world have found their most fitting instrument in her, I see that woman's transcendent sphere is to guide man from the darkness of materialism to the light of heaven.

The subject of marriage is before you in the same light as that of suffrage. There is absence of the form of testimony, that from the realm of divine principles. The claim that marriages are made in heaven and by God's command is bitter mockery. The question narrows itself down to this—whether it is law or love that shall be binding. The divine idea from the better world is that the one angel composed of the dual principle man and woman, hand in hand pursue the great cycle of progress and strive to send back redemptive power to the world. Nature supplements herself in the associations of men and women. All laws show us that men and women are imperfect until associated. Marriage on earth must in some sort be a reflex of the dual unity in heaven.

I will not look at that position that demands us to descend to the lower animals in instruction in these matters. The habit of likening the dignity of man to the brute creation is degrading.

There are marriages of expediency, of estates, of fortunes; these are but public auction blocks, nothing more. We all realize that we are endowed with magnetic life, and that this life has its attraction as the lodestone. Nine tenths of the marriages are founded merely on magnetic attraction: this is not love; it is simply the workings of the electric processes, and is never permanent, is ever changing. Magnetism is the action of body upon body, psychology is the action of mind on mind. I repeat, nine tenths of what is called marriage is founded merely on attraction. Another bond is esteem, another regard, and these may be the foundation of the higher, spiritual attraction, that recognizes that one spirit is the counterpart of another; this attraction goes to the grave and services; it is the true marriage and never changes; it is higher than all law. How shall we arrive at this spiritual condition, for we make many mistakes and need a remedy. Those that represent a true love never change; magnetic attraction demands change. It is a mistake to demand that large license that may be good for a few but not for the many.

For many years I devoted myself to the amelioration of the condition of the victims of licentiousness. Their condition is largely owing to the proscription of society that confesses to a crime in one sex that is not a crime in the other. These women called so fitly abandoned, outcast, thrust into darkness with none to pity, I have seen shrink with loathing and disgust from each other. I have seen how their imbrication demanded stimulating drink, because the magnetic force had worn itself out, and there was left just what is left of the fashionable men and women of England. The passions we cultivate become our masters at last. I have seen them, like worn out rags, lie down to die. I have followed them into the world of spirits, each one with the animal stamped on her features. The piteous spectacle and frantic appeals for release from their prison house of sensuality has moved me to tears.

I have no fear for the end. Society is not man's, it is God's. When I realize that we are in the hands of a mightier being I know that his laws will prevail, that he stands at the helm, and I know that this question is raised that we may discover the true laws of marriage. The reform must begin by making marriage more holy, by approaching it with glad joy, tempered with holy appreciation of its value.

In every living creature there is only one law that can comprehend all of duty: it is not alone justice, but justice tempered with charity that the world calls love. We are all individuals; we are but one unit in a world of individualities, and when one individual imposes upon the rights of another, there is wrong, whether it be mental, intellectual, or social.

The Present Age.

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OUR PRESENT WORK.

Some Spiritualists, and not a few of our speakers, if we may judge by their efforts, seem to think that our main efforts should be directed to the overthrow of the Bible and orthodoxy. We admit that there are localities where this work yet seems to be preeminently necessary. But the world needs something besides this, and it is time for it to look for something more from Spiritualism, which is now nearly a quarter of a century old. We alluded last week, cursorily, to the results of Spiritualism in the political world, and by the way, here we will add what we should have said then, that what has been seen is the merest shadow of what is to be. Spiritualism is designed to revolutionize the political and social, as it has already revolutionized the religious world.

But our present object is rather to inquire into our duties, as Spiritualists, as to what is demanded at our hands as an educating power, for such we have certainly become. We have, as a class, been noted for iconoclastic tendencies, and such was unquestionably our peculiar work for the first twenty years. But the world needs now, not so much logical proof that the orthodox system is wrong, as the positive evidence that something else is right. It will not renounce its old faith and practice without the surety of something else that is helpful to lay hold of, to cling to. It not only desires the overthrow of error, but the upbuilding of truth; not only the annihilation of the devil, but the outshining of the Divine. And this is the special work demanded at the present hour. We have the most beautiful philosophy ever proclaimed to the world—a philosophy, not cold and uninviting, appealing only to the intellect, but vitalized with a soul, a religion standing unawed before the high court of human reason, in the broad light of the scientific developments of all the ages.

It cannot be denied that the liberal teachings of Spiritualism have been misconstrued by too many minds as indifferent, if not positively antagonistic, to religious culture. A freedom not consistent with reason, has been the result. We had almost said a majority of Spiritualists (certainly we know of localities where this is true) consider that the whole mission of Spiritualism is to ensure us a kind of free and easy life in this world, a kind of accommodation line to heaven. It allows us to play cards and dance, and ensures our eternal welfare as well. We call to mind a brother who seriously proposed that one of the afternoons and nights of the times appointed for the Michigan State Convention should each year be devoted to a public dance. This was his idea as to the mission of Spiritualism. Amusements are demanded by nature for our best good and should be enjoyed by old and young; this want is recognized by Spiritualists and spirits, and should be gratified under the control of the higher faculties. If the entire mission of Spiritualism is to show that card playing and dancing are right—if it is all comprised in inducing orthodox believers to give up their ideas of heaven, hell, trinity, plan of redemption, etc., merely to enjoy a more pleasurable way of living, the sooner we abandon our work the better, for the purpose in view will not counterbalance the expenditure of time and energy essential to its attainment.

But in our view, our mission is of quite a different character. We are to give the world a thorough common-sense religion, to preach our new gospel to the millions of America who go to no church. These unchurched masses, and the disaffected of the churches who are weary of hearkening to the lifeless letter of

the law of old theology, are ready to listen to us. We want to show them a living law, a better way—the way of life illumined by the light that has come through angel ministrations from the Great Beyond, the great light which the modern Christian Church rejects to its own destruction. Like its great prototype the Jewish Church, it clings to Moses, and rejects the divine principle of love represented by Jesus.

If our speakers will cease making the whole theme of their discourse a tirade against the churches, and dwell more upon the claims of our philosophy—upon the value of Spiritualism as a practical religion, we shall have far less difficulty in maintaining societies, for we shall then have a religion of affirmation in place of a religion of negation. The time has come for building up rather than tearing down. We must look to the preparing of pleasant places of our own in which to meet, and develop a more general unity of feeling and action, not only in the town or city, but in county and state as well. Lastly, we would urge as one of our greatest needs, the laying aside of all personal jealousies, and the importance of cultivating a spirit of love and charity toward each other. Such are the signs of the times, that we deem the day near when all the churches will at least partially accept our teachings. They will be compelled to do it, or die. Let us, as Spiritualists, be prepared for our work.

ENNA HARDINGE VS. MRS. WOODHULL AND THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

In our last number we made brief allusion to a letter from Enna Hardinge, published in the *Banner of Light* under the heading: "Spiritualism and Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull." As this letter is likely to lead to considerable discussion, and possibly to some action in the direction which Mrs. Hardinge has pointed out, we republish it in full on second page. Our health, and space as well, forbid our noticing critically as many points in this production as we otherwise should, and we shall content ourselves by brief allusion to its most objectionable feature, viz., the counseling of a division, or as Mrs. H. is pleased to designate it, "a full and explicit sifting in our ranks." Who are to constitute the sifting party we are not told, neither are we informed just what is to constitute the basis of a new organization, but Mrs. Hardinge has "thought it out" and will no doubt in due time present her plan in form. But we may infer that "the thinkers," in other words the leading "thinkers," who may be able to travel hundreds of miles to attend this council, are to determine and promulgate what they "know, believe and think," and all Spiritualists will be expected to "know, believe and think," as does this new Spiritualistic church council, otherwise, the "sifting process" must begin. This in the mind of our sister, distinguished for her many labors and great worth individually, is to "obliterate all mistakes, do away with all heart-burning, bitterness and spirit of opposition, now dividing our ranks into an army of fierce haters, and sorrowful mourners."

Now with all due deference to the opinion of this eminently worthy woman, we beg leave to most emphatically dissent, and give it as our opinion, which we believe would be endorsed by at least three fourths of the Spiritualists of the United States, that the attempt to promulgate an expression of belief, however mild in form, would cause ten thousand times more heart-burning and bitterness than exist already. We sincerely believe that the course pointed out by Mrs. Hardinge, would produce the same result to the millions of Spiritualists of America, as seen in the world of Protestantism—division into a thousand contending sects. Far be the day from us; better our half organized condition as now, than the entering upon any sifting process, whether the "sifting" relate to a question of belief, or any other standard that shall call for the exercise of the human judgment in deciding the status of any other human soul.

And now let us inquire the wherefore of all this, and why Mrs. Har-

dinge has suddenly awakened to the consciousness of the existence of an American Association of Spiritualists, of which she speaks as follows: "I am one that never knew of the formation of such a body until it was in operation; and I humbly claim to have done as much for American Spiritualism as any one in the field. I know many others—and prominent, hard-working Spiritualists, too—who stand in the same category with myself. Whose the fault, pray? Every national convention has been noticed by call, months previous to each annual meeting, published in all the Spiritualist papers, and to these annual gatherings for consultation all have been invited, yet, urgently requested to attend. We have wondered at the invariable absence of Mrs. Hardinge, whose words of counsel would have been listened to attentively and respectfully. Upon inquiring as to the cause, we have been answered, whether true or false we know not, that she was opposed to national organization. All at once Mrs. Hardinge finds herself interested in the American Association and opposed to it for the reason that Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull has been elected its president for one year, that year already half expired, and consequently an opportunity soon to offer, for the election of another, if deemed best. In fact, by the time Mrs. Hardinge, could by due notice and preparation, assemble her council, the time will have come for the annual meeting of the existing association, and Mrs. H. and her class of thinkers, can, if they will, have a voice in the election of one whom they may think a more fitting person for the office of president."

But, we are led to inquire into the cause of Mrs. Hardinge's opposition to Mrs. Woodhull. Simply this: Mrs. Hardinge differs from Mrs. Woodhull in the method of righting a great wrong. And yet of this brave woman, in the letter under consideration, she speaks as follows: "No one can read candidly and with unprejudiced mind Mrs. Woodhull's address on 'Social Freedom' and fail to recognize in it the expression of a lucid mind probing to its depths the evils that afflict society—unmasking the hypocrites, unveiling the world of crime, rottenness and corruption that deforms our social system, and dragging into the light of keen analysis the misery, hypocrisy and legalized sensuality which pervade society from centre to circumference. Because these things have been held secluded from the sphere of public inquiry, they have been falsely deemed 'too sacred to be touched.' The fact is, they have been too corrupt, instead of too sacred, and we may all rejoice that any mind, as capable as Mrs. Woodhull's, has been imbued with sufficient courage to withdraw the hypocritical mask which custom has thrown around these subjects, and compel that open discussion for their true basis and cause which is so essential before a radical cure can be effected."

We may all admire this lady's talents, and sympathize with her earnestness. We may even endorse her views—some in part, some in their entirety—and work with her in the different fields of reform she promotes; but still I ask, Must the entire body of American Spiritualists endorse her views, or consent to be represented by her? We answer emphatically, nay. We apprehend, if Mrs. Hardinge should succeed in her efforts for the calling of a "real" and "universal" convention, and should a majority of that body, make her its president, the "entire body" would not be understood as endorsing her peculiar views upon any question, although perfectly willing to be represented by her in the capacity to which she was assigned. We know of scores in the Troy convention, myself among the number, who voted for Mrs. W., yet dissent from her views on many questions; and we were far from thinking that because of her election, we were in any way compelled to endorse them. It is the spirit of heroism and sincerity ever manifested by Mrs. Woodhull, and to which Mrs. Hardinge has well alluded, that caused her election, rather than because of the views she entertained. And this we believe to be in full accord with the genius of Spiritualism. No proscription because of individual opinion. Hear all sides, then judge.

With these remarks we leave the subject with our discriminating readers. We may have occasion to refer to it again. Should a convention be called as suggested, (of which, however, we think there is very little prospect) and should that invitation, as indicated, be to all Spiritualists, we should assuredly urge all to attend, and the result, should the voice of all be heard, might possibly be quite different from that anticipated.

For the Present Age.

SHOW PLACES.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. RICE.

The white and feathery snow
Silent and pure o'er all the town,
No softly it touches the cold snow,
No pulse is stirred in its domain.
No token she gives, in her nation,
Of joys that smile, or griefs that
So the crystal flakes descend,
Filling drift on drift to cover
And so our deeds of life fall from
The lives we cherish, like snow
ground.
Would they always might fall so
white,
And as softly cover the wrong
Not merely the hiding of sin
But making the darkness bright
Thus wrapping our lives in white
And fitting ourselves to the day
Of tenderest remembrance of song
Where faintest feet and hands
Where pulses are throbbing with
And swelling the tide of time
river.
FREDONIA, N. Y. Jan. 28, 1890.

MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL
HEADED IN THE WAY.

In a letter received by Woodhull we are led to believe will be heard in Michigan within the next two weeks, first lectures will probably be the Creek, Mich.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IT APPEARS.

Subscribers in arrears will please their names this week number at which their subscription expired. This has been ten in pencil mark by our clerk sufficiently plain we hope all to see. By looking at the at the right hand side of a page, it will be seen that the number is 176, and as the great many of our subscribers, piled with 156, they will see have advanced these twenty. Some have not been so long years, while a few owe us a greater time. Under ordinary circumstances this would be excusable, but taking into consideration the facts of the case, hardly see how it is possible in our subscribers to justify their longer withholding their remittance. Friends, will you en to correct this omission? over, if you are able, send me two years, or still better, call the name of some poor neighbor, distant friend who is unable for the paper and have it sent to them. If you cannot do than pay for your own paper you not endeavor to find a subscriber? If you are leading paper to a neighbor who is a take it for himself, it is time to tell him so, and let him know how much more enjoyment in reading one's own paper. I forget, that this appeal is made to you, if the figures opposite name are less than 176.

GHOST STORIES.

No time is without its house and its ghosts. What years since was called a superstition, has become a fact. A solemn horror of a few years has given place to a spirit of and most of the newspaper graphs have a smacking of business, as if a ghost was an affair and might be fond of. The following is from an English paper:

ANOTHER GHOST STORY.—The of a certain locality in Bishop have been considerably interested, alarmed, during the past few days, report of a ghost having been seen at midnight visits at the dwelling of working pitmen. The story, as "Geordie," is, that whilst seated smoking his pipe, and looking at bright fire which was burning, at about the witching hour, he was a sudden crash, as though some weight had fallen on the chimney, and looking up he saw the joints of just at this moment he heard a faint the stairs, as if some one was coming and presently a ghost, in the shape of a man attired in a blue shirt, and him. Its arms were long and thin, fingers like claws, and then it stood as if about to mesmerise the pitman. It then turned and went vorite bitch, with pups, which were in the corner near the fire, and the nutely inspected. The apparition went to a certain flag in the middle floor, at which it pointed significantly afterwards took down the clock and on the flag, apparently to mark the which the occupant of the room had hid some dreadful tragedy. After supposed ghost looked thoughtfully the burning fire for a moment, then

head up the chimney and looked up. Suddenly it put up its hands as if about to dive, and turning on its heel took a flying leap right through the window, carrying away the frame and breaking the glass. The pitman, who had all this time watched the visitor's maneuvers in a terrified state, rushed out of the house, and has not since gained courage to re-enter, but has had his furniture removed to safer quarters. It is said that a woman some time ago was so terrified in the same house that she lost her reason. — *Newcastle Chronicle*.

Corresponding Editor.

STILL SWINGING!

Saturday, January 20th, hailed the stage. A twenty-one miles drive to East Saginaw by this primitive mode of traveling with its usual incidents. How eagerly the mind will catch at any trivial circumstance to relieve the tedium of slow travel, slow in comparison with locomotives. Our stage driver, Billy Abbott, is a natural-born stage-conductor. He handles the four horses with graceful movements. It is said he has driven stage fifty thousand miles, equal to two journeys around the world.

EAST SAGINAW.

Addressed my Sunday audiences in this town. Small attendance generally in the morning, good in the evening. Subject for evening: "What is the religion of Jesus Christ?" That discourse is too strong food for spiritual babes. Some of the East Saginaw Spiritualists are not as radical as liberal church-members. They do not so much question the truth of such declarations as my convictions prompt me to make, as they fear it may shock some of the weaker hearers who may be driven away from investigation of Spiritualism altogether. They feel that to dwell more upon the beauties of Spiritualism for which thousands of orthodox people are hungering, to say more about the evidences of spirit communion, would meet the wants of the late seekers after spiritual things. None question but what the strong doses given are highly relished by sturdy thinkers, independent reformers. Those who like to feed on "spoon victuals" are welcome to their congenial pursuit! As for me, I delight to shock Christians and "the latest-thing-out" (see Jan. 6, *Lyceum Banner*)—Spiritualists. "But you will not gain converts to Spiritualism!" Don't fret about that. In the first place that is not a high aim. It is more important to improve the converts already made so that they may take an active part in saving this country from Christian rule, and acknowledging the equal rights and independence of women with men. I would rather be the cause of making one man or woman think, than to convert a dozen to my view. We have already too many sad instances of mankind looking for truth through the eyes of Wesley, Clark, Swedenborg, Plato, Confucius, Jesus, Moses.

Bro. J. J. Wilder—namesake of the one at Watrousville—was in the audience at Saginaw, having come with horses and sleigh to take me to at which growing little town, thirty miles from Saginaw, we arrived Monday afternoon. In the evening, addressed a good audience at the Episcopal hall. Bro. Wilder thought he would like to have me give my "Jesus" lecture. The people bore it heroically. A few of the newer attendants fluttered and fled. The first time I ever gave that blasphemous discourse, in its present shape, was at Mantorville, Minn. It was condemned in bitter terms by the few Christians present. I have now several calls to give that same awful talk. Two or three Christian-Spiritualists have to be "carried out" (figuratively speaking) every time I fire that gun. My audiences were large here notwithstanding the Methodists inaugurated a revival meeting on the same night I commenced my course of lectures, though a few days before, when the church was applied for, to hold our meetings in, they did not expect to have meetings. The generosity of Christians must win the admiration (?) of Infidels. Their "revival" (?) numbered from a dozen to a score of the sheep and lambs which were tenderly guarded by the shepherds, while the strayed ones were left to be destroyed by the "ravaging wolf." The refusal of the

use of the church by the Methodists is one more illustration of Christian justice. The Liberalists of Caro helped to build the church, but the trustees said they would not consent to have a Spiritualist lecture in it. I believe Liberalists ought to get their eyes open after they are treated in this way once. Once ought to be enough.

In almost every town there are a few Spiritualists. Caro has its representatives of our good cause—J. J. Wilder, Wm. McPhail and wife, F. Pool and wife, J. D. Knight and wife, J. Blakely and daughter, M. S. Dickinson, and several other Dickinsons, Egbert Birch, N. M. Richardson, are Spiritualists. The Liberalists are E. W. Gerrish, Wm. H. Loomis and wife, Daniel Kinyon and wife, Wm. E. Sherman and wife, Samuel P. Sherman, Sabin Gibbs and wife, Geo. S. Gage and wife, J. N. Mirtz, M. David Orr and wife, A. W. Bradford, Darwin Newcomb, H. H. Pulsipher.

Dr. Geo. Newcomer is successful in Caro in the treatment of diseases. Some of the cases I will mention, in my next. W. F. JAMIESON.

Caro, Mich., Jan. 20, 1872.

For the Present Age.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Ever since the days of our childhood this name has expressed to us the sweet repose of paternity. The noble truths and sentiments of aspiration from this author grafted themselves into our mind just as the loving words out of a father's heart would have done. It was pleasant later to know that a faith dear as life itself yet mistaken and despised by many friends, had been accepted as full of living truth by this childhood saint. It seemed to bring us into that relationship of mutual aspiration that so quickens trust and faith. To know that a great and good man sees in your philosophy the satisfaction of reason, and in your religion the quickening of every noble faculty of the heart, give a sense of repose and trust in a faith already dear and cherished.

It is not strange but very natural and beautiful, to find, as old age comes on, the longing to leave the world some fresh tribute of love and hope. "The Mad War-planet," is Mr. Howitt's effort to present in verse the evils and wickedness of war, and to show how through the submergence of the world in evil by a separation from God, the evil influences bear sway; hence war, bloodshed, and crime. The remedy is in acceptance of truth, not through church or creed, but by the simple Christian principle of love as set forth by Penn. Although the idea of evil consequent on anything but the transition from lower to higher degrees of spiritual unfoldment, is discarded by most American Spiritualists, and the "fall of man" represents only the emerging from blind faith to a knowledge, through reason, of spiritual life and laws, yet the general tenor of the poem is to represent the love of God and its accord with human progress. In the opening chapter we have one of these sweet pictures of nature that always come out of the heart of Mr. Howitt as one of Church's picture from his canvas, full of the rest and sweetness that the child of nature always finds in a beautiful scene. It was written at Zurich.

Oh! beautiful that spot! and beautiful Transcendently that landscape, lake and town. Around me rose the thousand pillared stems, The blue sky glimpsing through their verdurous tops Which all stir with the quick living air Quivered and sighed, and to the radiant sun Whispered, in the old language of the woods, Of myriad-crested life 'neath glad some boughs, And through this gentle, ever tossing sea Of foliage, the sunlight shivering down In golden luxury, and in scattered gleams On leafy mosses and on hoary ground, Made the shade light, yet left it still a shade, Solemn and sweet with soul-embracing peace. And fronting these, in the illumined grass The wild flowers nodded, and the wild thyme breathed Its spicy essence: grasshopper and bee Hummed, and basked chattering in the bliss of life.

In chapter second we have the "Mystery of Evil" touched upon, fol-

lowed by these words of faith and trust:

'Tis enough For us to know that he who planned and built This mighty universe, this maze of worlds, Infinite in number and extent; scarce less Incomprehensible than is Himself, Is clearly infinitely good and wise, And mighty too as He is good and wise; And granting this, we know that what He plans

He will conduct unto its proper end. He who is infinite needs not that we, Finite, and cribbed in flesh, and of to-day, Should comprehend Him, but should watch and wait,

And seeing how his blessings hold their march, Should love Him and adore Him till the time When He shall call us nearer, and reveal More of his purpose. Hitherto we know Not our own being: not our birth and growth Symmetrical, nor how our sentient mind Commences and progresses, and stores up Harvests of knowledge in a little pulp That we call brain; and yet we would presume To know the ways and aims of Him who knows

Neither beginning, limit, law, nor end

And this we know and feel as living truth, That what God has created, He must love, And will love on for ever: love through all, And never can forsake. That through all stains

And degradations, he will see his own In the lost creature, and will claim it too. He cannot suffer any evil power

To mar his labors, save for a brief space That he may bring them forth more fair and clear.

He cannot lose an atom of his own: But will sun up the tale of all his lives At the great end, and show to all his hosts That what he planned is done; and that no power Is sovereign but himself.

In chapter seven we have the broad statements—

There are no Christian nations—never were, Christ trampled the old command of God—"Thou shalt not kill." And he went far beyond

In his own teaching. "Thou shalt not resist Even evil. If struck, strike not again, But to the smiter turn thy other cheek, And render good for evil, for curses blessing.

Thou shalt not kill thine enemy, but love him And do him good: in this thy Heavenly Father

Following, who doth send his sun and rain On evil and good alike."

These are his words: And wilt thou call them metaphorical, Not meant to be enacted to the letter? I tell thee, nay. For Christ did demonstrate

Their strict inevitable import: did himself Carry them out, and wrote them in his blood.

In chapter eight we have a noble tribute to George Fox.

Oh! simple-hearted, lion-hearted Fox! Thou hadst no weak distrust of Him who built The heavens and earth, and their unfailing laws

Based on his word alone. Who by his will Holds the vast universe in fixity, And still, from age to age, throughout all space

Wheeleth the ponderous spheres on nothing poised But on his thought, that—thus it is and shall be!

Sorrowing at heart and grievously perplexed, Fox, young, noble in mind, and seeking truth,

Saw the black ghastly cleft between the world And its profession; Christ upon its creed, Confusion in its heart, and all the woes

And wickedness that welled from the foul source; And sought from men set up as Christian lights

And gospel guides, for convoy through this chaos, And found none. So to the woods and wilds

He took his way, the Bible in his hand, And there through days and nights, and driving storms,

With prayers unutterable in human speech, With groans and bitter tears, he called on Him

Who gave this love to open its true sense, And, as of old in Horeb's desert cave

The dauntless prophet who had firmly stood With iron will and faith invincible,

When all around had fallen away to Baal, And had done deeds of strange astonishment

In honor of God, and in his present power, But now lone prostrate and forsaken lay, And prayed to die. And as to him there came,

After fierce winds and earthquakes, the still voice Whose gentleness is life, so now to Fox

Came the full light from God, that his Son's law Was love, and, therefore, could not be in league

With strife, passion, or revenge of men, But was a law of suffering, and through it The root of conquest over secular strength.

So Fox with his bold cry of gospel truth, Found himself quickly in a terrible storm Raging in maddest fury from all winds. Insensate mobs, led on by magistrates

And bitter priests, beat him and threw him forth Into the streets and lanes with deadly wrath;

Left him for dead, and finding him alive Hauled him to prison. There for many a year

From time to time, he lay and suffered all That cruel men should scheme of cruelty, And dreadful were the dungeons of those days.

Vile as the men who kept them in their midst, Dens of the direst filth, vermin and cold; The rotten roofs open to drenching rains; The walls around poisonous with dripping slime;

The fetid air deadly with crippling frost, And many were the gentle friends of Fox, Women and tender children and old men, Who perished in those cells for conscience's sake.

But none of these could kill or conquer Fox, Even from his dungeon he proclaimed God's truth, And when by intervals he came abroad

He marched at once to parliament and prison, And like the fearless prophets of the past He bade them stand and tremble and reform.

Till by the power of truth he had compelled The worldly dignities to bow to right. Forced them to yield him liberty and forced them likewise by determinate force of law

To free his people from the deadly crime And black responsibilities of war. Oh! triumph of pure mind, most nobly won!

Blazon eternal of the power of faith Glory eternal of the Sons of Peace!

We have not room to quote further at present, but will give at some future time, the tribute to Penn and his followers. It is not country or race that can bind the sympathies of such a man as Mr. Howitt, and he recognizes Christian character as quickly when it struggles and triumphs on a foreign soil as on his own.

We can but hope that this friend of reform will give us, before he enters the celestial world, his proofs of immortality through modern Spiritualism. Such a man cannot fear the criticism of the world, and his high position and the trust placed in him, would make him a most fitting preacher of this living gospel of spiritual truth. But we are not forgetful that every word uttered for right, every blow at wrong, is so much done towards the grand reform that is the work of all good men and women united with the angels of God, that do the divine bidding of heaven.

And we are glad of every presentation of the evils of war, slavery, and every form of injustice.

For the Present Age

"ALLEGORIES OF LIFE," BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS. BOSTON: LEE & SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS, 1872. PP. 93.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

This is a beautiful gift book, unlike most gift books, made to give away, because no one would be guilty of purchasing them to read. The author is favorably known by her many other works, and in this pleasant volume has comprised a series of allegorical pictures, which at once attract the attention and quicken the understanding. Great must have been her personal trials, and keen sorrow at overwhelming loss, met with resignation and magnanimity, to enable her to concretize in these simple allegories such noble lessons of duty. The reader constantly feels that the burdens of life have been too great, and resistance becoming useless, too much trust is reposed in fate, and trial and suffering accepted as necessities which in the end are beneficial, or essential to the perfect development of character. When calamities overtake us, against which all our best efforts are unavailing, the soul may draw consolation by resigning itself down on the ruins of its hopes and its blasted plans, and calmly say Thy will be done. It may grow strong in great trials met with determination and overcome. It is struggle for nobility which give nobility of spirit. But the doctrine that simple suffering and pain, however received, of themselves exert a refining or elevating power, is pernicious in its influence. The greatest pain may be received from a burn, and yet no good permanently result; as the passions may gain the mastery, and wither and blast the promises of life, leaving nothing but ashes and cinders.

These thoughts are suggested by the moral of the allegory of the "Bells." There was a chime of bells, that became disconnected and refused to ring, and were in consequence taken down and recast.

"It's a terrible thing to be recast!" sighed the dejected bell; and he quivered with fear as they placed him in the furnace. At last, after much suffering, they were pronounced perfect, and packed for their return. The same tone was given to each, but the quality was finer, softer and richer than before. The workman knew not why—none but the suffering bells, and the master hand who put them into the furnace of affliction. They were all hung once more in the tower—wiser and better bells. Never again was heard a murmur of discontent from either because but one tone was its mission. In the moonlight they talked among themselves, of their sad but needful experience, and of the reason which it taught them—as we hope has our readers—that each must be faithful to the quality or tone which the master has given us, and which is needful to the rich and full harmonies of life.

The lesson here taught is that subjecting the character to the fires of suffering, as the bells to those of the furnace, brings out a sweeter and richer tone, and in other passages it is taught that only in this manner can the best qualities be wrought out. When ones are subjected to the furnace the result depends on the qualities of the ore itself. Gold may be purified; but other metals may be burned to worthless scoria. The experience of the bells may be beneficial to some individuals, but it by no means follows that being subjected to the furnace is essential to all. Its necessity on the contrary is always deplorable. Suffering is indicative of false relations, and whatever its ultimate effect may be, is never as conducive to true worth of character as the correct living which yields continual happiness.

We may ignorantly, or through viciousness bring great calamities on ourselves, and then it is pleasing to believe that the Heavenly Father sends such experience to purify and elevate us, without which we could not gain the highest qualities of character. Too frequently, alas! do such experiences leave blasted ruins! Immensurably better to teach the suffering soul that it gains nothing by its experience unless it thereby learns to resist those tendencies which make them necessary; and best of all, to resist those tendencies at the first.

Many of these allegories teach what we consider equally erroneous ideas of the relations of God to man. The moral of "Upwards," for instance is:

"Thus do our Heavenly Father call us upward; and when he sees that we will not leave the common view for grander scenes, and will not listen to his voice, however beseeching, he makes all dark and drear below, that we may be led to ascend higher, where the day beams are longer, the view more extended, and the air more rarified and pure."

And in the one entitled, "In the World," it is said: "Our Heavenly Father wakes us all from the slumber of infancy and helplessness, and sends us forth alone into the world to learn life's great lesson," and many similar passages occur, as the moral of the preceding story.

The introduction of "Our Heavenly Father," as the immediate director of our lives, dealing with us by special providences, is strangely out of place in a work written for liberal thinkers of the present. We are surrounded by a fixed order, which we term law, through which only does our "Heavenly Father" come in contact with us, and it is impossible for him to specially interest himself in our favor, to "call us upward," and to "send us forth." We regret to see so many of these beautiful allegories marred by such "morals," which are so radically false they injure the value of the whole.

With these exceptions these "Allegories of Life" afford most pleasant and instructive reading and will be perused with zest by young and old. Many of them are real gems, both in their faultless style and the beautiful pictures they present.

Notices of Meetings.

KALAMAZOO COUNTY CIRCLE.

The fourth annual meeting will be held at Burdick Hall in Kalamazoo on Sunday, Feb. 18th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. Mrs. L. E. Drake and W. F. Jamieson are the speakers engaged.

WM. S. LOGAN, Pres.
L. S. BURDICK, Sec'y.

Co. The next quarterly meeting of the Leavenworth Circle will be held in Berry's Hall, opposite Masonic Temple, in Adrian, commencing on Saturday, Feb. 17th, at 2 P. M. and will continue over Sunday. Friends from all parts of the state are cordially invited to attend. The friends at Adrian will make ample provision for the entertainment of all who may come from a distance. Come one and all; let us have a glorious reunion. For any information address the secretary of the circle.

L. ORMSBY, Pres.
C. H. CASE, Sec'y.

RAILROADS.

Winter Arrangement.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL & GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Depot—Foot of Second Street, corner Madison. Ticket Office, 75 Canal Street, corner Madison.

LEAVE. ARRIVE.

Mail (via main and air line). 6:13 a.m. 8:07 p.m.
Fast Express. 9:13 a.m. 7:37 p.m.
Jackson Accommodation. 10:22 a.m. 10:22 p.m.
At. Ex. daily via Air Line. 5:28 p.m. 7:17 a.m.
Night Express. 9:13 p.m. 6:17 a.m.

† Saturday excepted. † Sunday excepted. † Monday excepted.
HENRY C. WESTWORTH, General Passenger Agent.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

On and after Nov. 12th, 1871, and until further notice, passenger trains will leave and arrive at Depot Foot of Second Street, as follows:

St. Louis Express. 9:30 a.m. 8:50 p.m.
St. Louis Fast Line. 7:10 p.m. 7:10 a.m.
St. Louis. 9:30 a.m. 8:50 p.m.
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The Present Age.

A Weekly Journal.

Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reform, Political Literature and General Intelligence.

An Independent Critic on all Popular Movements.

COL. D. M. FOX, EDITOR.

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Woman's Department, MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The Home Circle, ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

W. F. JAMIESON, Corresponding Editor.

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Woman's Department.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The disposition of children is on the water; we are not content to know that things are, we ask whether they ought to be. —John Stuart Mill.

LITTLE MARIAN.

BY MISS EDWARD S. GREENOUGH.

Throw back the shutters, Janet,
Ope the window wide, I pray,
Let me enjoy the loveliness
Of this most lovely day.
Hark! coming from the seaward side,
Dost hear that muffled roar?
Savely the breakers never seemed
So close to us before.

How bright the sun shines on the lawn,
No cloud is in the sky;
But yes! there comes a little one
So slowly trailing by.
A hand it seems to trace,
That points at me; and stay!
It moves its shadowy fingers,
As if beckoning me away.

Ah! the little birds, Janet,
Only look at him, and hear,
Upon the swinging grape-vine
How bold he comes, how clear
He sings. But what a strange song
He sings to me! It seems
Like that unearthly music
We only hear in dreams.

How beautiful the sunlight lies
Upon those pine trees old!
Each great trunk and each little branch
Looks all of molten gold.
But how solemn is their motion,
Slowly waving to and fro,
I wonder what they want to say
With all their whispering low.

To-night will be the ball, Janet;
Such a delightful ball!
I can scarcely wait with patience
Until the night shall fall.
My little ivory book is full,
I've not a dance to give,
How good it is to be so young!
How good it is to live!

Now bring to me my ball-dress,
And lay it on the bed;
And the pretty things I'll wear to-night
In tasteful order spread.
How tender is its soft tulle—
That sea-green faint and pale;
How like a mist falls over it
The lace's silvery veil.

With buds of water-lilies
You shall wreath for me my hair;
Around my neck my mother's string
Of bridal pearls I'll wear.
Which she left to me so long ago;
And in the center here
The diamond drop my father gave
Will glisten like a tear.

Now dress me for my ball, Janet,
I must go down to the sea;
I love to watch the great green waves
In all their revelry.
Sometimes I think they love me too,
They come so far to meet,
Upon the wet and glittering sands,
My half-reluctant feet.

And when upon their heaving breast
I lay me down to float,
It seems to me their thundering
Then takes a softer note.
Tis fancy, you will say, Janet;
But I really think they fold
Their white crests down, as if they sought
Me in their arms to hold.

With fluent fingers they unlace
My hair as though in play;
And toss it back and forth, as though
They thought it was their spray;
And when I would come out, they chase
Me half way up the beach;
Half angry, half imploringly,
They try in vain to reach.

Me as I look back, laughingly,
To see them, in my flight,
But no more of the waves, Janet,
I'll think but of to-night;
For my little ivory book is full—
I've not a dance to give,
How good it is to be so young!
How good it is to live!

That night the torches on the shore
Flashed their red light far and wide,
And stern and anxious eyes were bent
On the heavy lapping tide.
Long hours they had sought and watched;
But still they watched in vain.
From the green waves little Marian
Came never forth again.

For the Present Age.

DARWIN ON MAN AND WOMAN.

Woman seems to differ with man in mental disposition, chiefly in her greater tenderness and less selfishness; and this holds good even with savages, as shown by a well-known paper in *Mango Park's* travels, and by statements made by many other travelers. Woman, owing to her maternal instincts, displays these qualities towards her infants in an eminent degree; therefore it is likely that she should often extend them towards her fellow creatures. Man is the rival of other men; he delights in competition as this leads to ambition, which passes too easily into selfishness. These latter qualities seem to be his natural and unfortunate birthright. —*Descent of Man.*

This passage epitomizes the results of woman's suffrage; by its means "greater tenderness and less selfishness" would be extended to her fellow creatures, involving much needed reforms in the administration of all

state institutions, including prisons, poor houses, lunatic asylums and even the army and navy. In all these institutions the curative would gradually replace the penal element. The army would become a body of organized pioneers, engaged in draining swamps, constructing irrigating canals, removing obstructions to navigation, and other enterprises too vast to be profitably conducted by private persons, but of immeasurable advantage to society. Even in arrangements for quartering and subsisting the army, I see where the woman element is needed both for economy and comfort.

THE COMING HOUSEWIFE.

The Girl of the Period does not aspire to be merely the keeper of the house. She would make her a home, it is true, and a pleasant one; but this is not the Alpha and Omega of her ambition. Beside this, she would be independent—would have a profession, or trade, would earn her own living and carry her own purse. The novel writers must change their heroines.

The woman of the past is a being the future will not comprehend. She longed for a master, and accepted subjection as her lot. Marriage was her occupation. To be sure she must not "seek her occupation;" it must seek her. Therefore she sat down with folded hands and waited for her lord to come. If he came it was well; if not woe to her! for she was thenceforth a target for the wit and the vulgarity of society. But the woman of the past is dying out, and the coming woman has new hopes and new aspirations. The first article of her creed is faith in herself. She would do something and be somebody. She will marry, it may be, but she will give no pledge of obedience. She will wed; but she will not idly float about on the sea of events, with but one prayer in her heart, that the fates may take away her name. Marriage with her will be an incident in her life—a grand experience, a solemn relation truly—but it will not be the purpose of her existence. That purpose will be to individualize herself, to develop herself, to make the most of herself; and this not for the sake of some future husband, but for her own sake. Such are the aspirations of the coming woman, and they are not idle and fictitious; they are prophetic. She will realize them. Some of our learned Doctors of Divinity have urged that women must give up the idea of marrying, or be content to have no aspiration outside of the nursery and kitchen. This is a very glowing doctrine for girlhood to accept.

Malthus had a theory that as the population multiplied in a geometrical ratio, while the capacity of the earth to produce can be made to increase only in an arithmetical ratio; therefore there must come a time when some of us must die off, either by war, by pestilence, or by famine, to make room for the rest. Hence, he argued, war and disease are necessary to save us from the worse fate of starvation. But facts go to show that as we increase in numbers, and become more civilized, we have more than ever to eat. Despite of Malthus we shall keep on eating to the end of time, even though Love may sheathe the sword and Science discover a spring of perpetual health. And so the future woman will not give up marrying, nor housekeeping, nor her children, political economy to the contrary notwithstanding; neither will she give up her trade or her profession.

A majority of women are overtaxed with the drudgery of housework and the care of children. How are they to keep the house and rear the child and do so much beside? We must make our work easier by cooperation. We must build great factories—not gloomy and dingy buildings, as factories generally are, but pleasant and healthful—and here we must send our washing, ironing, knitting, sewing, and even cooking. There is no reason why the most of this work shall not be done by machinery.

How unhealthy we are! yellow, green, pale, anything but the right color; and all owing in a great measure to the fact that we have not learned the fine art of cooking. Our food is jumbled up in every wrong way. But science shall supervise our great kitchen. We shall have a board of women chosen by suffrage to overlook each branch of work, and such as we know to be versed in the particular branch over which it is placed. All ignorant Bridgets must go to school and learn before applying for a situation in the home of the future. And a sanitary board shall see that all is well, and that all are kept.

But what of the baby? We have disposed of its washing, sewing, ironing, which are no small items. And all sickly children, too; for the coming woman will have no cross and sick children to take care of. The future mother will have too deep a sense of her obligations to posterity to curse

the world with an unwelcome child; and the coming baby will be healthy, happy, as it should be—a care, to be sure, but a perpetual delight. And the law will give the mother an equal right in the guardianship of the child, while custom will give the father an equal right in its care-taking.

Is this merely a splendid dream? But it is becoming the universal dream among women, and a universal dream is unerring prophecy. The coming woman will be keeper of the home. But to keep the home she will not always be compelled to stand over a wash-tub, to bake her face over a cook stove, dry up her energies over flat irons, and waste her time in embroidering worsted dogs and hemming endless ruffles. She will do all needful work, and have time left to study law and medicine, to keep books and take photographs, to edit papers, lecture, preach, or hold office, to whichever duty she is called. The wants of the people are prophecies of future customs. The real castles of to-day become the real mansions of to-morrow. The woman of the past has been a servant in her husband's or brother's house. The coming woman will be the Queen of Home. She will not be ruled by her work, but will rule her work. She will not be measured by her ability to "cook something good," though her tables shall be plentifully supplied with healthful food. She will not be worn out with over-work though her work shall all be done more perfectly than now.

The desire for marriage will not abate; the love of children will not grow less; but the mother will no longer be a slave of her children, and the wife will no longer lose her individuality in becoming her husband's helper. Ask the Girl of the Period what are her most sacred desires, and she will give the same old story: love, marriage, children; she will give you more than this; ambition, self-development, self-support. —*Golden Age.*

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AT THE CAPITOL.

A delegation, consisting of Dr. and Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Mrs. W. Joslyn Gage, Miss Laura De Force Gordon, Mrs. Selma R. Kenyon, Mrs. M. C. Page, Mrs. F. M. Kelly, Dr. Mary Walker, Mrs. Tibbets, Miss Osborn, Dr. J. C. Wright, and others, waited on General Butler in the Judiciary Committee room of the House of Representatives asking Congress to confer on woman the right of suffrage.

Mrs. Lockwood presented the petition to the General, and said they had come to him on behalf of the women of the country, who claimed his aid in procuring for them their inalienable right of citizenship. They looked to him as the champion of the oppressed to marshal their forces and lead them on to victory. They came like Paul, pleading their cause, and as the representatives of those who signed the petition, and belonged to every State in the Union, they intrusted it to his care.

General Butler replied that he would present the petition, and do everything in his power to promote its object. Like all great reforms, it began humble, but it would grow until it overshadowed the republic. The women of America have only to demand the right of voting, and it would surely come, though it might not be immediately. The fact that 35,000 names were attached to this petition, showed that earnest efforts in the cause were being made. Let this petition be followed by thousands of others.

GEN. BUTLER'S PLEA FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE, ON PRESENTING THE PETITION IN THE HOUSE.

Mr. Butler, of Mass., having out of the regular order obtained permission to present a petition, said that in discharge of a duty he presented a petition for a declaratory law to assure the right of suffrage to the women citizens of the United States. These ladies believe that they are citizens, and as such citizens they demand the right to vote. This petition only desired to bring to the attention of Congress the necessity for a declaratory law to enable them to vote. Their claim is, first, as to the right, and second, as to the expediency of the matter. They insist that what is their right ought to be secured to them by law.

The women insisted that it was expedient in the representatives of the people to pass a declaratory act which accorded the right of suffrage to the mothers of the land, who are forming the characters of all citizens by instructing them in childhood, giving direction to the thoughts which shall hereafter govern this land. They claim that they have a right to a voice in making the laws which are to govern them, and that this voice will give them freedom of action, and enable them to cultivate the thoughts that are to prevail in the government in days to come. This was not the hour to trespass upon the time of the House or to argue the question; but the fact that thirty-five thousand of the women of America—from almost every State of the Union; from every class and condition of society; the highest and

most refined; the humblest and lowest, are here represented—makes this a question not to be ignored.

They ask for what they consider the greatest right of American citizens, and what men claim to be an inalienable right, shall be granted them. The unanimity with which the women come here, without political organization, makes this movement partake almost of spontaneity. More petitions are coming here, at the rate of 500 a day, and the fact that 10,000 more petitions are on the road from California shows that this matter calls for fullest action on the part of the representatives of the people. And these women are not to be told that this is an innovation or a new thing. In the parent State from which we come a woman sits at the head of affairs, and her example proves that women may be safely trusted with the ballot. He wanted these petitions to take the same course that anti-slavery petitions took in years gone by. That was a reform urged only by petition, and there were hardly any of these single petitions that rise to the number and dignity of the one he now presented. As it was with the anti-slavery reform, so it would be with this. So sure as the sun would rise from day to day, so sure would suffrage be granted to the women of the United States.

In conclusion, Mr. Butler presented an immense roll, and asked that the petition be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. He hoped the clerk would spread out the roll to let the House see how long it was.

The paper was referred as requested.

MARRIED WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

IMPORTANT DECISION BY THE NEW YORK COURT OF APPEALS.

A case involving the somewhat novel and heretofore unsettled point, whether or not the title to the paraphernalia of a married woman resides in her or her husband, has lately been decided by the court of appeals of this state. The plaintiff was Dorothea Rawson, who brought suit in her own name to recover \$4,000 for the loss of clothing and jewelry, by an accident on the road of defendants, the Pennsylvania Railroad company. The defendants claim that the bulk of the property having been received by plaintiff from her husband, belonged to him, and the suit should therefore have been brought by him, and that the terms of the contract (the ticket) limited the company's liability to \$100. D. M. Porter, plaintiff's counsel, claimed the property was hers, both as against her husband and ordinary creditors, and that the carrier cannot limit his liability except by express contract. The court of appeals, in affirming the judgment of the courts below, held, first, that though at common law the wife's paraphernalia, during coverture, ordinarily belong to the husband, and he cannot dispose of them, except by will, the statutes have secured them to her even as against creditors. In equity, the property given would be treated as the wife's separate estate, and she would be protected in its enjoyment and possession even against the interference of her husband. This estate, if not absolutely a legal estate, is clothed with all the incidents thereof and she is therefore the proper person to sue. Second the words printed on the ticket do not embody the contract between the parties. They are a mere notice, and a carrier cannot limit the liability by notice, but only by contract. Plaintiff's attention was not called to these words when the ticket was purchased by her; and even if she read them when she entered on her journey, she was not obliged to submit to a contract never made, or leave the train. Hence, the carriers common law liability remains unchanged. —*New York Tribune, January 30.*

THE GIRLS THAT ARE GROWING OLD.

We say that our friend is passed. Is she passed her intelligence, her good nature, her power of entertainment, her wit, her usefulness generally? On the contrary, she has usually but just attained the greater part of them. She has but just attained experience enough to enable her to comprehend and join in conversation above the mediocrity of gossip, titter and compliment; her gaiety is not mere giggling, but there is in it something of the flash of encountering intellects; she has discretion enough to be silent, and knowledge enough to speak on occasion; no longer raw, or shy, or painfully self-conscious, her manners have a charm of ease that gives ease to all around her. If she has accomplishments, they are practiced and mature, and you are spared, for instance, the familiar horror of a school girl's music. If she has not the rosy loveliness of her youth, she has a knowledge of the arts of the toilet that makes her dress perfect, and herself an attractive object; in fact, she has only just become capable of enjoying and giving enjoyment in society; and so far from the young idiots who call her *passé* having any right to

shun in her regard, it is she who should herself be an arbiter of society, and have authority to pronounce whether or not they are in any sense fit to enter its charmed circles. Indeed, it may well excite all the wonder that it does among Europeans that the young are here allowed to absorb all the enjoyments of our social life—the young who have nothing to give, whose minds and manners are almost totally untrained and insufficient, who are, indeed, objects of pleasure to the eye, and wherein they yield other pleasure or profit, do so rather in a subsidiary way than in the main. We do not wish to undervalue the elements of innocence and freshness which the young bring with them, but we maintain that the virtue of years, with their knowledge of the world we live in, and their preparation for the world we hope to live in—their wisdom, their grace, and their charity—are of at least equal value, and deserve equal recognition in the places where men and women meet together; and we protest against the curving of the "contemptuous lip" over the claims to courtesy and consideration of the woman beyond her girlhood. —*Harper's Bazar.*

SPIRITUALISM PROVED TO BE A SCIENTIFIC BELIEF.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE.—Coleridge Sellers, Esq., President of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, delivered a lecture last week at the hall of the Central High School under the auspices of "The Scientific Microcosm," entitled "The Science of Delusions." He commenced by stating that he had never undertaken before a public exhibition, but upon the request of a number of gentlemen he had agreed to present some of the principles upon which physical manifestations are founded. He, some years ago, had been very much attracted by the marvelous character of the so-called manifestations, and did not now mean to contend that there was no communication between the world of spirits and those still in the earthly form, but it had never been his good fortune to witness anything that he could not produce himself. I shall endeavor to give a description of some of the phenomena illustrated by him, and while giving Mr. Sellers credit foradroitness, must say that most of those which he did not explain to the audience, he performed in such a manner that a sharp pair of eyes could readily detect. Mr. Sellers had witnessed the exhibitions of the Davenport and Laura V. Ellis and was much surprised that the exceedingly simple means used by them to free themselves while in their cabinets had escaped the notice of the committees appointed to tie them. He considered Miss Ellis far superior to the Davenports, from the fact that she was tied with strips of muslin instead of ropes, and therefore proceeded to tie his son, a lad of about thirteen years of age, with strips of muslin. He tied his hands behind his back and placed him in a cabinet, after which he tied him fast to the seat, securing hands, feet and head in an apparently inextricable manner, and allowed Professors Houston and Riche, of the High School, to examine the knots, which they immediately reported perfectly secure. The doors were closed, a bell in the cabinet instantly rung, a small quantity of water was drunk, a hat thrown over the top of the cabinet, when the doors were opened. Mr. Sellers, Jr., was seated quietly, with the strips of muslin intact, and the knots apparently had not been disturbed. The doors were again closed and reopened, when he stepped forth freed from his bonds, with the exception of the strips around his wrists which were still secure. A gentleman in the audience inquired if it was absolutely necessary for Mr. Sellers himself to tie the knots on his son, or whether a stranger could do it, as in the case of the Davenports. Mr. S. replied that it was necessary for him to do it himself.

Mr. Sellers then gave an exhibition of the manner in which acconleons are played, apparently by spirits. He held the instrument in one hand with the keys end down, when we could clearly see it moving and hear the sounds. No tune was attempted. A silk string attached to the key end of the accordeon was plainly to be seen fastened to Mr. Seller's clothing. He could then very readily, by a slight motion of his body, make the accordeon sound, and stated that this was the principle by which spirit music was produced. I was much edified, but as I have seen and heard the accordeon play tunes very beautifully in a well lighted room in the presence of Dr. Slade, I regretted that Mr. S. did not make his play tunes also. A large drum was suspended by a cord stretched from one side of the stage to the other, and in the full light of the large chandelier drummed loudly and noisily. Mr. S. himself appeared unable to stop it until he had taken it apart to show the machinery, when lo! it was empty, and the whole noise had been made by Mr. S. Jr. behind the desk with another drum.

Many other experiments were shown, and a dissertation on "Psychic Force," in which Mr. S. explained the discovery of Crookes, stating that although Mr. Crookes was a very complete chemist, and able to discover elements and minerals that were before unheard of, he was not able to see that Mr. Home had been playing tricks on him with strings, etc.

But the great feat of all was Mr. Seller's marvelous power of mind-reading, together with raps, and writing on a blank card while holding it with a small piece of pencil in one hand. The raps he showed us

were produced very readily, with a practice, by laying his hands on a person's finger nails against it, some do it with their toes, but he thought his plan the best, and you could hardly see the movement made. He then held a blank card in his hand and wrote with a minute fragment of pencil, so we could all see him, the name—John J. Watson, when he immediately asked if there was any one by that name present. A dead silence prevailed, presently a gentleman arose, appearing much astonished, and said: "That is my name." Mr. Sellers appeared astonished also, in fact so were the whole audience, that Mr. Sellers should have hit upon a name, when he said he did not know a name. However, a card was handed to Mr. W. to write a question upon, which did and handed it to some one in the audience to hold. Mr. S. held his in one hand with the small pencil, and wondered relate produced on his card the same question, viz: "Is this a delusion?" which Mr. Watson had handed for some one to hold.

Now, Mr. Editor, would any one deny that Mr. Sellers and Mr. Watson were "in rapport?" and that the name Mr. W. unconsciously telegraphed to Mr. S. coming him to write the same question which Mr. Watson had written? I did not see who held Mr. S.'s card or what became of it, but it is presumed that he took good care of it, therefore how was it possible for Mr. S. to know what Mr. Watson was to write? In fact I was convinced that the support was so perfect that Mr. S. could have told two hours before the incident that his question would be, "Is this a delusion?" The audience was a large one. Many, no doubt, were there, would feel it beneath their dignity to attend a séance of a so-called medium, but have no doubt that nine-tenths of the persons assembled there, went away fully convinced that they had witnessed a display of spiritual manifestations and a new account for them as either a "trick" or "scientific delusion."

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 29, 1872.

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The Home Circle.

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EDITOR.

THE BROOK.

BY MARY N. FRESCOTT.

"I am tired," said the brook, complaining.

"I can't stop a little while to rest! The clouds would weary were they always raining.

The bird, if she ever built her nest!

"The stars withdraw from heaven and cease their shining.

"The sun himself drops down into the west.

I can't stop," the brook kept on repining.

"And catch my breath, and be an instant blessed.

"All day a voice calls, 'Follow, dearest, follow.'

And toiling on, I seek to reach the goal.

For peace to list to yonder happy swallow.

Telling in song the secret of his soul."

O foolish brook! the wind blew, in replying.

"Am I not always with you on the wing? Chase your fond mourning, cease your weary sighing.

And thank your stars for such companionship!"

The sun came up across the silver dawning.

And hung a golden flame against the sky.

He dashed not to drink the dew of morning.

And when the night fell, in the brook was dry!

Against! rest! no more of toil, unceasing!

No watering of the roots of shrub or tree;

No hoarding from the rain, nor still increasing.

To lose itself, at last, within the sea!

—Our Young Folks.

MISS WARING'S LOVER.

BY MARY A. P. HUMPHREY.

It was not an attractive school-room. The bare walls were guileless of whitewash, and the knife-marks on desks and benches—like those strange exhumed bird tracks of the Old Red Sandstone—showed where the first rude outlines had been traced of many a life hidden, long ago, under the debris of years.

Across the lower half of every window a square of faded, green baize had been tacked closely to the casement, lest some pair of child eyes, heavy with reviewing the endless lines marshalled in tedious uniformity on book or slate, should rest awhile upon the blessed contrast of green fields and gurgling waters.

Miss Waring's eyes darkened with quiet indignation. As if a school room were a prison! As if one lesson from springing grass, and spreading tree—reaching up to the life-giving sunshine—one element of modest beauty in meadow lily and wild rosebud, of happy trust in tender bird, provident squirrel, or care-free butterfly, could be spared from the place where young minds should learn how to expand and grow, young hearts to aspire and yet be humble, young lives to assume the divinely appointed relations of faith and work.

But the school room, like many other things of sufficiently unpromising exterior, was rich in possibilities. Miss Waring made a rapid inventory of such intangible wealth, and nodded to herself from her little chair of state upon the platform.

The offending baize, its faded ugliness veiled by short curtains of cheap, white muslin, might be made to do good service higher up the windows, in softening the glare of the mid-day sunshine. The broad window niches gave ample room for pots of ivy, wandering Jew, and Madeira vine, needing only time and care to improvise festoons and draperies more graceful than the most elaborate designs of old tapestries.

Then, in her portfolio—for the little school mistress thought with her eye and hand—she remembered some illuminated texts, bright as the pages of an old missal; sketches, too, in pencil and colors, simple bits, which the children could get at the heart of—waiting only to be framed with the cones of willow-witches they would be only too glad to gather for her on the first half holiday. Their own hands should help to weave and bind; they should have a voice in the hanging and general arrangement; for this home making, she thought, like the rest of the world's work, must be co-operative, if it were really to be worth anything.

The sound of footsteps and voices broke in upon her morning dream, and the pleasant vision of the renovated room faded in the light of the day's duties.

The scholars came by twos and threes, gathering in and about the half open door, with shy, curious glances at the new teacher.

Children are the most unerring physiognomists, since no other are so helplessly dependent upon the varying moods, which leave unfailing imprint on the face. A few bolder ventured inside in advance of her pleasant invitation to all. Two or

three offered little bunches of wild flowers, dewy and sweet, making her cheek flush with pleasure. Ever since she could remember flowers had been her friends; she knew them by heart, and had a fancy more clearly defined than she would have been willing to confess, that they, in their turn, understood her, when human sympathy failed. The Germans call their fragrance the "speech of flowers." Miss Waring placed her own eloquent treasures in a cracked tumbler, which a little girl found for her in the ante room, and more than once, amid the cares and anxieties of that "first day," their freshness and beauty entered into her heart and kept it strong.

"You'll be apt to have some trouble with Hal Thorn, the deacon's boy," the widow Moss, her hostess, had said to her that morning over the breakfast coffee.

"He is a bad boy, then?"

"Yes—curses for nothing and nobody. His father can't keep him in school half the time. A smart lad, too, and quick with his books, when he chooses. How well I remember the Sunday his mother first led him into meeting. He was scarcely more than a baby, and so bright and pretty—the people turned in their seats to get a second look at his laughing face. Little she thought, poor woman! of how he would be growing up!"

"Mrs. Thorn is not living, I think I heard?" said Miss Waring.

"O no! She died—let me think—it will be ten years come Christmas. Hal must be fourteen—how the years fly! The deacon never married again," went on the good woman, fairly launched upon the tide of gossip. "Mary—she's the oldest—keeps house. Susan married a falconer—her boy will be in your A B C class. Steve helps his father on the farm; he's the deacon right over, a real chip of the old block. Hal is the youngest."

"Would it have been the same with Hal, if his mother had lived, do you think?"

"Perhaps not. She was a quiet woman, was Mrs. Thorn, but it always seemed to me as if her 'Don't!' went farther with the children than a thrashing from their father. The deacon holds a stiff rein. Why! Hal got into a tussle with butcher Barton's Pete one day, and between them, somehow, a stone crashed through Reuben Brown's plate glass window. Hal declared that he didn't throw the stone, but Pete's two little brothers swore they saw him. The deacon said that if Hal would fight he wouldn't help him out of trouble, and he let him go to jail."

"Hal is quick as gunpowder, and he isn't afraid of anybody when his temper's up. He was beech nutting out in the wood lot, the day Squire Marlow's cattle broke into his twenty acre wheat field. They did a round hundred dollars' damage. I'd been over to the deacon's of an errand, and was just coming down the front walk, when the squire came tearing over, accusing Hal of letting down the fence. I wish you could have seen that boy, Miss Waring! He stood up, pale as death, and his eyes like two fires."

"I didn't let down your fence, Squire Marlow," says he, right before his father and Steve, 'but I wouldn't have cared if I had, and the best wish I can make you is that your cattle have eaten up five times the worth of Biddy Larry's cow that you took for rent last winter, and little Patsy dying!"

"If you'll believe it, Miss Waring, the squire turned as red as a cock's comb, and rode off without another word. I believe the deacon wasn't over sorry himself, but he thrashed Hal all the same, to take the impertinence out of him he said."

"But his sister—has she no influence over him?"

"Well, Mary has all she can do, and I guess the most she asks of Hal is to keep out of her way. You've no idea, Miss Waring, of the amount of work a farm of that size brings in to the house. Let me fill your cup. No? What! going to school so early? Well, a pleasant day to you!"

So it happened that Miss Waring looked with something more than usual interest along the line of larger boys, who took their places on the back row of benches at the opening of the school. She saw the various types of boyish faces, already so familiar to her, some bright and earnest, others dull or sullen, still others well meaning, but marked as yet by no strong individuality—not one which at all embodied her idea of Hal Thorn.

One by one the names were enrolled—he was not there. But a half hour later the door suddenly opened with a creak of decision, and a tall boy walked with swinging, defiant step along the narrow aisle, casting a keen glance at the teacher as he went. She nodded pleasantly, her rapid, practiced eye taking him in, from the heavy boots so splashed with wet sand as to suggest the cause of his tardiness to have been a morning visit to the creek, to the brown shapely throat revealed by the turn down collar of

his coarse gray jacket, and proud head covered with crisp auburn curls, the dark eyes full of dangerous fire and reckless untrusting expression, overwriting like the characters of a palimpsest, the first noble plan of his young face.

No wonder, she thought, that the people had "turned in their seats" when the dove eyed mother brought in her young eagle. She could fancy him in his glorious babyhood, radiant, unsullied—heaven his fatherland, earth his inheritance.

The teacher paused until the room was quiet again, then she resumed what she had been saying.

"As I was telling you, children, rules are troublesome, and only good for people who do not wish to keep them. It is so much nicer to do the things we ought to because we like to. Now we are here, first and always to learn. I shall give you just one rule, 'Do right!' The very smallest one of you will understand that. And I shall trust you, every one."

She looked up and caught Hal's eyes fixed on her with an intensity that made her start. Oddly enough, something far back in her childhood seemed to confront her in his face. She groped for a moment in the labyrinth of memory, and caught the clue.

Her father had been a Garrisonian abolitionist, his house a station on the underground railway. One night a poor bondman came, hard pressed by the officers. There was just time to hide him in the granary, under a heap of empty bags, in a corner full of dust and cobwebs. His pursuers, warrant in hand, came up in hot haste, searching the house from garret to cellar, ranging barns and out-houses, thrusting pitchforks ruthlessly into fragrant hay mows, groping at last into that very heap of sacking whose heart was one unit of agony in the unsolved problem of the world's sorrow. At the instant when all hope had fled, they turned away, baffled, and, as the ring of the horses' hoofs died upon the distant highway, the fugitive came forth.

The little girl, clinging to her father's coat—there were no secrets in that household—had kept through all her years the memory of that sable countenance.

"One chance more," it said, "for life, liberty, home! One chance more!"

"One chance more," said this boy's face, at once so young, and so sadly old, "for faith, sympathy, love! One chance more!"

Days passed. Miss Waring's single rule was working. The children were not perfect, aggravatingly human sometimes—yet the best of each nature seemed lifting itself, like a plant, to the sunshine, checked by sterile soil, turned aside by stones, half choked by rank weeds, yet struggling and aspiring still. So she worked and waited.

Hal Thorn developed powers of attention and application which astonished her. His conduct had been thus far irreproachable, but he seemed to shield himself quietly behind an impenetrable barrier. She felt herself on trial, with judgment reserved.

At last, it was one noon, a sound of angry voices smote her ear. She stepped to the door. The boys were gathered in a crowd, and the first glance showed her Hal Thorn, his eyes blazing, and his face pale with passion.

"Take that back, Bill Jenkins, or by—! I'll —." His clenched fist was raised high, the veins on his bold forehead knotted, his white teeth set. The boys parted suddenly, but he did not see.

A hand touched his shoulder.

He turned fiercely, wavered for an instant, then a steady, defiant gleam turned to meet the teacher's sad, firm eyes. "There is no use. The chance is lost!" it seemed to say.

"Harold, he is smaller than you!"

That was all she said; no sharpness of personal reproof, not one word about the wickedness of fighting, the gift of anger and profanity.

A swift flush dyed his cheek—his head dropped to his side. For a moment, all was still in the play ground. Miss Waring held out her hand. The boy caught it impulsively, then suddenly letting it fall, he turned, vaulted over the high fence, and running swiftly across the meadow, toward the creek, disappeared behind a clump of willows.

No human eye saw him there lying upon the grass, his face in his hands, his young breast swept with stormy sobs. If he prayed, he did not know it. I doubt if he thought of God at all. Apart from some vague memory of "Now I lay me," said at his dead mother's knee, his ideas of devotion were of the cold, rigid uniformity of his stern father's morning petitions, or the stately, untranslated formulas of the minister's long prayer. But perhaps he saw the boy's soul groping blindly after some good it did not know, feeling weakly for some strength not its own, yearning from its bitter unrest toward some uncomprehended peace, was less jealous of forms and names, than some of us, His followers.

Hal came back at a little past the hour for afternoon session, silent and pale, but Miss Waring knew instinctively that it was no silliness which prevented a response to her smile of welcome. It was well, she thought, that his heart was too sore for rapid healing. Meanwhile she must give him, as best she could, the safe tonic of hopeful service.

So she asked him to stay after school and help her carve a pair of brackets with which she meant to surprise the children, each one to hold a simple vase, since the daily floral offerings were sadly crowded by the globe and books upon her little desk.

"I am so awkward with a jack-knife, Hal," she said, laughingly, "and last night I cut my finger, and was quite discouraged. Then who should come in but Grandpa Spinney, with that wonderful cane head of his, and when I asked him who cut it, he told me quite proudly that it was you. So I knew immediately where to go for help."

The boy blushed, half ashamed of having been detected in the little kindness—common opinion having given him over to unalloyed evil, he unconsciously shared with the rest of humanity, the tendency to preserve a consistent reputation. However, he consented eagerly to her request. She took care to let few silent moments pass in which the memory of the recent outbreak might settle down in chill constraint between them, and drew him on to speak of things he understood—habits of bird or beast, secrets of wood and water course, gained as she rightly conjectured, through many a day of truant-ship, and atoned for, night by night, with pitiless stripes.

She praised again his skill with the knife, and he told her of old Anton, the Swiss wood carver, who had once sojourned in the village, with his quaint costume and broken speech, and his thrilling stories of life among mountains and glaciers.

"O, Miss Waring!" he cried out at last, quite carried out of himself by enthusiasm. "I should like to go there! somewhere, anywhere—to be free!"

Miss Waring laid her gentle hand upon his head.

"My boy!" she said, "even here, at home, you may be more than free—a king!"

His eager eyes were on her face. Her solemn, tender voice went on:

"He that maketh his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city." A harder conquest, Harold—a prouder victory!

The boy breathed heavily, and his eyes sank, dim with a film of unshed tears. They worked a while in silence, then the teacher took out her watch—

"It is tea-time," she said. "I am going your way to-night. Shall we walk together?"

Deacon Thorn, from his work in the garden, bowed to Miss Waring as they drew near.

"I must beg your pardon, Mr. Thorn," she said, "for having kept Harold so late. I wanted his help about a bit of work I was doing."

"I am very glad, Miss, if you can make him of any use. It's more than anybody else can."

"Harold is doing very finely in his arithmetic, Mr. Thorn. I am quite proud of him."

"Well, the term's just begun. A new broom, you know Miss!"

She saw the old, hard look darken over the boy's face.

"God give me patience with this man's blindness!" her soul cried out as she turned to pass on her way. She would have bidden Harold good-night, but he still walked at her side, his heavy brows knit and lowering.

"You see how it is!" he burst out at last. "There's no use!"

"Harold," she answered, "make your father trust you! This is a part of the battle. You are not a coward to fly at the first onslaught?"

"A coward! no!" his face flamed.

"But it seems to me cowardly to bear things. I'm sick of meekness and patience, the right cheek and left cheek, and all that! There's that Grillee—you know him, Miss Waring? He came to me when I was in —" He stopped short with a hot flush, and his listener felt instinctively that the word "jail" had almost passed his lips.

"He came to me once, and told me how awfully wicked I was, and talked about meekness and forgiving one's enemies—he!—when I have seen him flog his oxen in the furrow, Miss Waring, till the skin lay all in bloody welts, because his ploughshare broke against a rock. I hate shams!"

"Harold, what makes the sham? Isn't it the real behind it? If there were no silver dollars, would they make pewter ones do you think? If there were no truth, would there be any lies?"

The boy was silent a moment, then he said impetuously:

"You know that chapter you read this morning? Why didn't he ask for twelve legions of angels? Those Jews had no right to take his life!"

"They did not take it, Harold! It was his—all heaven and earth were his! He was free—at the judg-

ment seat—on the cross—in the grave! It was the victory of love. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' And they were not even that!"

A great wave of emotion swept over the boy's frame and left him still. At last, "his life for his friend!" he repeated softly. Then lifting his head, he said in a voice strangely altered, "I think it might be done!"

She looked into his face, and knew that she had won his heart. Do you wonder that she trembled? It is a fearful thing for one soul, clinging fast beneath seething seas of doubt, to know itself the only anchor of another near to wrecking! God be thanked for the human love which teaches the Divine! For the power which shapes the little acts and words of common life into the angel's ladder, whose top is lost in cloudless heights!

Miss Waring walked on now alone. At the turn of the road she paused and looked back. It was a quiet scene—the winding street bordered by double rows of elms, a century old; the white church spire gleaming through the clustering green. On the right, visible from her slight eminence, stretched the meadows, green and undulating, embroidered by the silver thread of the babbling creek; on the left rose the pine clad hills, full of the weird lights and shadows of sunset. The chestnuts were in full bloom, their long pendant tassels bright against the vivid green of their luxuriant foliage. The near hill slopes were flushed with drifts of laurel blossoms—some laughing children were heaping them in their hands like rosy snow.

The boy stood still where she had left him, looking towards her, with the red light, Midas-like, touching his hair to a vivid gold. Through all the years of her life she would carry his image as he was that night.

She entered a cottage whither her errand had been to offer her services as night watcher with one of her little scholars, who lay sick. A neighbor having been already engaged, Miss Waring begged to stay, at least until she should come. It was late in the evening when she walked home, and Mrs. Moss, not expecting her, had retired an hour before. She let herself in with a duplicate key which she carried, and went noiselessly up stairs, where she lay for a long time sleepless, but, at about midnight, sank into a deep, dreamless slumber.

Outside, the cool wind blew fitfully, and dewy pearls strung themselves upon the grass blades. Night, with her mysterious processes of rest and growth, folded her dark wings over all.

But within the old house there was a breath, a subtle stir, a creeping, but not of mice, in the wainscoting—a ticking, between the measured beats of the ancient clock upon the wall.

A late foot-passenger upon the highway, started to see two windows glaring redly on him through the darkness, like demon's eyes. Breathlessly he hastened forward, and a great shout tore the still air.

"Fire! Fire!"

Mrs. Moss leaped from her bed in terror, at the thunderous beating on her door, to see one half the wall of her room a lurid, smouldering mass, which, even as she rushed past it toward the outer door, burst into live flame behind her.

The street was already full of half dressed people.

"Miss Waring!" cried half a score of voices. "Where is she?"

"Not here, she did not come home last night," came from the widow's pale lips.

"Thank God for that!"

And through it all—the tumult, the shouting, the hurrying steps, the rush of the destroying fire—she lay in that strange, unbroken trance of sleep. No one could reach her now: the whole lower story of the old house was one shell of fire, which burst through melting panes and smoking clapboarded. Men, women and children ran aimlessly to and fro, or stood, as if fascinated, with their useless pails and buckets in their hands.

Suddenly, a cry! Shriill, sharp, freezing the very heart's blood of those who heard!

She stood in the little gable window, the black masses of her hair sweeping down her white robe, her hands outstretched in an agony of fear and entreaty. A deep groan of despair went up from the crowd below, seeming to her quickened senses to fall back from the leaden sky with dull, hopeless rebound. She understood all now. One thrill of dreadful anguish from the strained cords that bind every human heart to life, and Margaret Waring was calm.

In that supreme moment she seemed to have outlived the patriarchs. Life, with all its hopes and fears so real last night, seemed now long past and dreamy. She felt the breath of eternity on her brow. Yet, with mysterious double sense, she was conscious of all the small details of the scene. She saw the strange

lights and shadows playing over the horror stricken faces below, the vivid outlines of the nearer trees against the inky sky beyond, even the fluttering of frightened birds amid their branches.

Some of the old Huguenot blood burned in the veins of the girl; her slender limbs were moulded of the pure stuff out of which martyrs were made. An old hymn of her childhood sprang to her lips; wild and sweet the quaint melody rang out upon the air:

"The Lord is coming, is coming. In a chariot of fire! Fly up my soul to meet Him, On the wings of thy desire!"

There is a sudden movement in the crowd, a focal gathering of all eyes! What do they see?

A boyish figure, appearing, no one knows how or whence, climbing toilsomely up the steep roof slope, clinging with bare feet and hands to the smoking shingles, sliding, slipping, yet advancing still! He has reached the top, he runs along the dizzy ridge, he throws himself at full length along the angle above the gable window, he is fastening something to the cornice spire.

Something falling between her and the sky strikes Margaret's hand. It is the end of a rope, rudely knotted, and above she sees the face of Harold Thorn. All the sweetness of life swoons back upon her with a dizzying wish.

"Come!"

She steps upon the window sill and grasps the rope. She does not once look down—the boy holds her with his magnetic eyes. She feels the strength of giants tingle along her slender wrists. Her old, childish play with her brother at sea-faring, with mimic rigging fastened to the great beams of the barn, will serve her now, climbing for her life.

Up! up! the rope strains, but holds. Up! up! she feels his hands, Harold clambering, half drawn, she lies panting on the roof. The crowd cheers, but only faintly yet, for the flames are bursting through the roof now, and the danger is only begun.

Holding fast to each other, they work their way down. Great clouds of smoke burst up and snatch their breath. They stand upon the shelving eaves, they leap together upon the lower roof of the wing—bruised, choked, but unflinching. Courage! yonder are a hundred waiting arms!

"Now!" cries Harold, "jump!" Margaret springs through the suffocating smoke—she feels herself caught up and borne—she struggles for sight of Hal. There is a crash, a rumbling like an avalanche! great columns rise of mingled smoke and flame.

"Hal! Hal!" she shrieks, but there is no answer.

The people fall back as Deacon Thorn's strong arms took up his boy, struck to death in his brave breast by a tile from the fallen chimney. He breathed, but his eyes were closed.

The old doctor came near, and shook his head. A quiver of pain distorted the boy's face.

"Lay me down, father!" he gasped.

"Where is she?"

She dropped upon her knees beside him—she, who would have drawn the blood from her own heart to feed his life one hour—and took his head upon her breast.

"O my son! my son!" groaned the stern, strong man. "Look at me—at me, O my child!"

The boy turned his eyes toward him, smiling feebly, but in a moment his uncertain gaze wandered back to Margaret's face.

"Greater love —" he whispered; "say it!"

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend!" she answered.

A glow, not of the fire light, shone upon his face, then faded slowly, slowly—and she closed his eyes.—Golden Age.

A BEAUTIFUL piece of Roman mosaic pavement has been recently found at a depth of twelve feet under a carpenter's shop in Cordova, Spain. Only a portion of it has been laid bare, but so far as exposed it consists of four female figures, supposed to represent the seasons. Each bit of mosaic is less than a quarter of an inch square, and consists of marbles of almost every shade of color. The work is of beautiful finish, and in an excellent state of preservation.

WHAT LITTLE BOYS ARE GOOD FOR.—"Get out of my way—what are you good for?" said a cross old man to a little bright eyed urchin, who happened to stand in his way. The little fellow, as he stepped one side, replied very gently: "They make men out of such things as we are."

BEAUTY, like the flowering blossoms, soon fades; but the divine excellence of the mind, like the medicinal virtues of the plant, remains in it, when all those charms are withered.

THE character of the soul is determined by the character of its God.

SUCCESS makes fools seem wise.

S. B. BRITTAN